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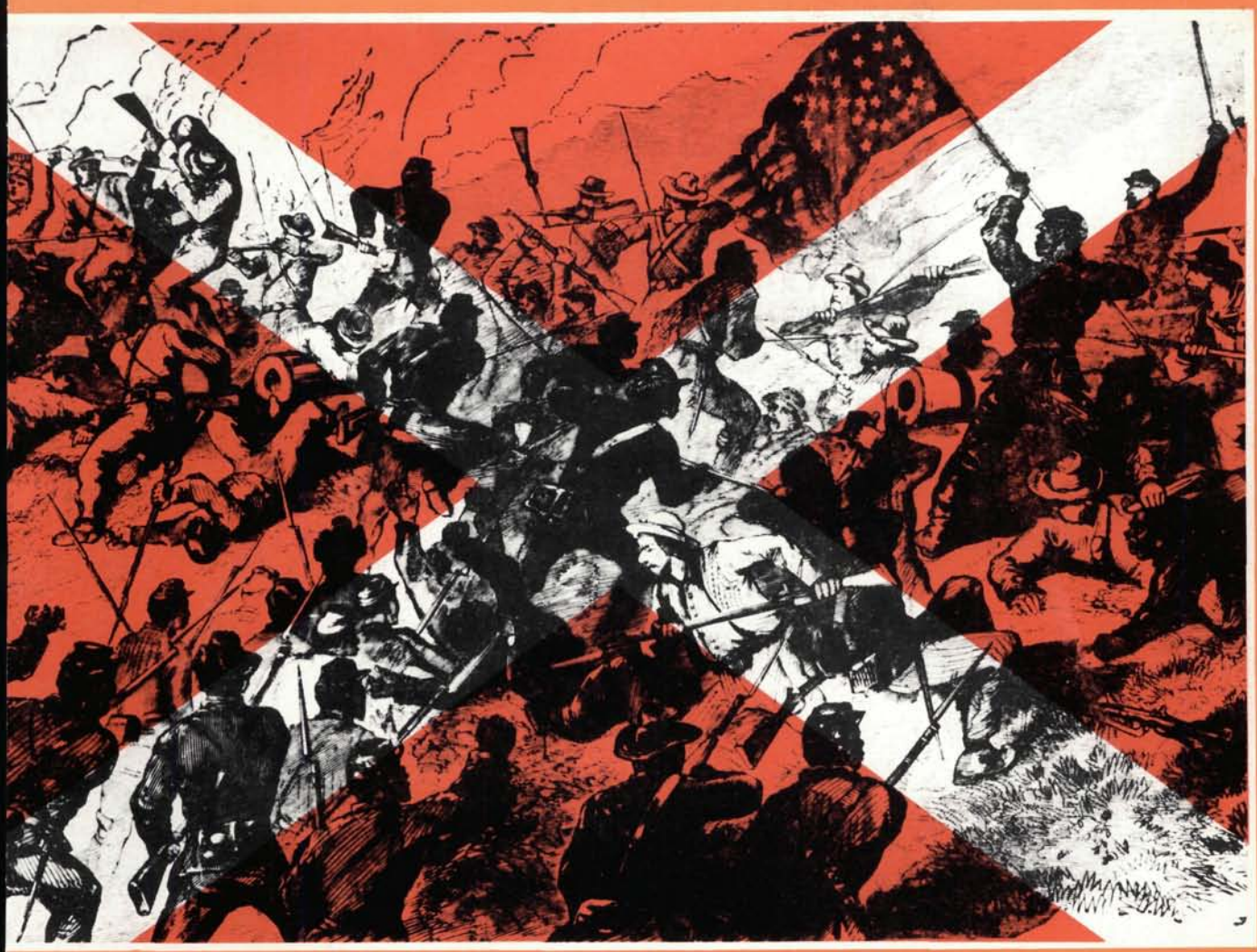

A SPECIAL REPORT ON THE CIVIL WAR TODAY

FIVE BATTLES OF SELMA

BATTLE OF THE BRIDGE ✕ SHOW OF FORCE

THE INFILTRATION ✕ CHARGE OF THE BIBLE BRIGADE

THE SHADOW BRIGADE

HADES OF GREENE OUR 'NIGGERS' IN ASIA HERZOG ON BELLOW

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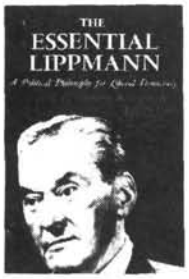

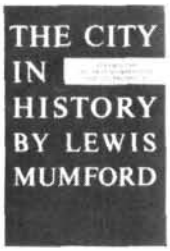

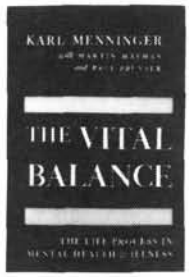

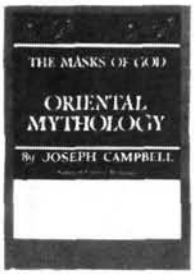

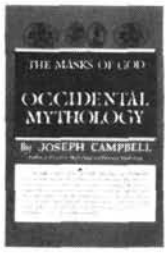

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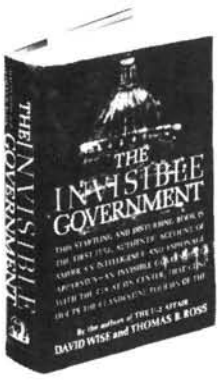

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EDITORIALS OPINION LETTERS MUSIC ART THEATRE ET CETERA

EDITORIAL: Our "Niggers" in Asia

Selma, Alabama, has taken its place in American history. It will forever be pointed to as the great hinge in the efforts of millions of Negro Americans to achieve justice in the area of voting rights. It will be regarded as the vindication of the great American dream, so long talked about and so little acted upon. Impinging on this will be the presence of President Johnson and his address to Congress, which address had the audacity to incorporate the slogan central to the civil rights movement, "We Shall Overcome." There will even be historians sorely tempted to suggest that greatness be attached to what the President did on that evening (with its vast television and radio audience). But all this is to ignore the true significance of the President's hoary message and the President's sudden awakening to the fact that Negroes have for generations been systematically denied their voting rights in the South, which until almost this moment included the President's home state of Texas. Further, it obscures the ultimate lesson to be learned from the Selma experience.

The truth is that Selma and all that has followed and even that which threatens to bear fruit in the future, reveals a most tragic inconsistency in the American concept of justice.

It is bad enough that millions of Americans have been victimized for centuries, bad enough to play the charade of sudden awareness and determination to act—even if only to the extent of calling on Congress to enact legislation. But more deeply, almost hidden, is the fact that justice for one people must somehow be reconciled with injustice for another people.

Under the Geneva Accord of 1954, elections were supposed to be held in Vietnam, but the United States has obstructed this democratic process. Early in the game of power tactics (as contrasted with justice, to say nothing of honoring an international accord) General Eisenhower stated: "I have never talked or corresponded with a person knowledgeable in Indochinese affairs who did not agree that had elections been held at the time of the fighting (1954) possibly 80% of the population would have voted for the Communist Ho Chi Minh as their leader rather than

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Chief of State Bao Dai." To this date no elections have been held and none will be held as long as there is any possibility that such an election might prove an embarrassment to American neo-colonialist ambitions.

. . . white makes right . . .

The simple fact is that to this day in the South, notwithstanding the administration's belated efforts at denting a revolution by its latest form of tokenism, white makes right. If anything marks the plight of Negro Americans it is that they are at the mercy of white power. Alone they can do little except offer their lives on the firing line of justice. But with the alliance of a white power contending with another white power force, they stand some modest prospect of eventual victory and the peace it can bring to their lives.

But the people of South Vietnam have no such prospect. There, caught between world forces, they experience the ancient aphorism that "might makes right." Obscuring Vietnam behind an administrative curtain of silence, distortion and equivocation, the power chess players of Washington fondle the Vietnamese people as if they were pawns in America's power play in Asia. And in the process of fondling them, and their neighbors to the north, these calloused and professional manipulators of flesh drop napalm on women and children. Rather than give the people the power of deciding their own futures and rulers (that *is* what voting is all about, you know), we cast their ballots for them—and we never lose this sort of an election.

. . . we cast their ballots for them . . .

No nation can stand the test of time if that nation is not founded on justice, as distinct from pseudo-justice that grants to one what it withholds from another. We cannot give to ourselves what we deny to others. Either we believe in the right of self-determination or we expose ourselves to the charge of hypocrisy. Either we believe in man or we believe in tyranny. We cannot have it both ways.

Selma is there for all the world to see, but then, so is South Vietnam.

If at last we seem capable of perceiving Negroes as human beings, thus to be honored with human rights, why are we so blind to the existence of the people of Vietnam? The very term "Vietnam" conjures up such images as "the Saigon government," "the Vietcong," "American advisors," "air raids on ammunition depots"—generals, ambassadors, statistics of casualties, American prestige, the Communist menace, etc., etc., ad nauseum.

What of the people of Vietnam? Are they always to be fodder to our ambitions? Indeed, these wretched people are the "niggers" in our plans for Southeast Asia. They are destined to die as unrecorded and unlamented as died the thousands of Negro Americans who waged but one sort of war: that of trying to live as human beings.

Negro Americans have begun to awaken the conscience of white America. Now, it is up to the American conscience to awaken to the presence of those people who are dying in Vietnam, silent victims of their own war which is simply that of trying to live lives as human beings under a tyranny imposed by our fevered ambitions.

OPINION:
The Pacem in Terris Convocation

by Frank Keegan

Last February world leaders in the fields of government, the political and social sciences and religion convened in New York to explore ways to world peace. Sponsored by the Center for the Study of Democratic Institutions, *the basic premise for all proceedings was the last encyclical of the late Pope John XXIII,* Pacem in Terris *(Peace on Earth). Here follows a sober reflection on the PACEM IN TERRIS CONVOCATION by a distinguished scholar.*

It was a unique gathering of persons reflecting the present state of world pluralism. It expressed every shade of opinion, yielded every manner of solution, stimulated every form of discussion, except the war whoops of the war party. Perhaps it was the greatest assemblage of informed peaceniks since the *Pax Romana.* At times it was a podium for offering ad hoc solutions, at others a resounding affirmation of the world community prefigured in the United Nations, at still others a mass meditation on the frailty of man and prospects for human survival. Always it was bearing witness to the growing (but rarely tapped) resource of a world will against war. The people were truly represented.

The people were truly represented.

It was a revival of philosophical and religious principles through application to the social and political order. Natural law theories co-existed and flourished alongside juridical interpretations of the Koran, crisis theologies, systems of social guilt, religions of personal suffering, and the utopian doctrine of perpetual peace.

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. . . *the Convocation d something.*

Because the essential things were all universal, the various opinions compelled assent. Man's unity was the premise of every argument, the universality of his reason and freedom the middle term, his common hope for world peace the inevitable conclusion. No unbelievers in man were present.

But the Convocation lacked something. There was no general understanding of peace, no agreement on its nature or requirements. There was no consensus on the best method, or combination of methods, for achieving and securing it. As expressed in the opening words of Robert M. Hutchins, there was "a new conversation about the requirements of peace, on a level somewhere between apathy and panic—and this side of the irrelevance of propaganda," yet the latitudes suggested by him are wide and the Convocation did not fill them.

It lacked what modern man also lacks, a vocabulary and analysis of peace equal to that of war. While the military lexicon is rich and subtle, we remain illiterate about peace. Perhaps this is one reason why it is easier to be against war than to be for peace. There are lessons to be learned from war. But what is peace and what can be learned from it?

Pope Paul VI reminded the Convocation's participants of the widespread ignorance on the subject. Addressing pilgrims in St. Peter's Square, he asked for the education of people in the *idea of peace*. Because one Pope stimulated the *Pacem in Terris Convocation*, we might well listen to another in the hope of continuing it.

In the past there have been theories of peace, even theories of world-wide peace. The common assumption of an Alexander or an Augustine, however, has always been that peace is ordinarily achieved through war. Philosophers of the "just war" have consistently maintained one essential condition for it, the possibility of peace at its end. And the philosophers range from the pagan Aristotle through Virgil and the patristic writers to medieval scholasticism. The consensus of the past is clear: the best justification for war is as a way toward peace.

e John XXIII

Peace, on the other hand, has other justifications than war. If it was held that the best justification of war is peace, the converse is not true. The law, grace, psycho-analysis, and narcotics are all ways to someone's idea of peace. The ideas vary because peace has a more complex structure than war. It is less easily identified and its presence more easily simulated. When, for example, Juvenal says "we suffer the ills of a long peace; luxury is more pernicious than war," he was not speaking of the same thing as the Psalmist who urges us "to seek peace and to pursue it." One man's peace may be another man's poison.

The search for a definition of peace has a new urgency in our time. Wars in the past were not only possible but probable. War itself became first a regular occurrence, then an expectation, and finally an institution to be transmitted to succeeding generations as part of man's heritage. Today it is a social and cultural institution. Yet we must also say that war has now become unthinkable. Once defended, on the medical analogy, as a purgative, war today would cleanse the part only at the cost of destroying the whole. But because it is unthinkable we seem, following the logic of opposites, to conclude that peace is also unthinkable. In any event we do not think much about it.

More than at any other time in human history, it has become necessary to think about peace. Impertinent as it may sound, man today is being asked to transcend the theories of his earlier teachers, Aristotle, Virgil, Augustine, Thomas Aquinas, Hobbes and Kant. The dimensions of the task are not the usual ones of following, developing and applying the thought of the past to the issues of the present. Men of earlier times gave an answer to the problem of reconciling the twin demands of peace and war: they conceived them as human conditions or genuine alternatives. Today war is not a human condition. Today war cannot be viewed either as an alternative to peace or as a way to peace. Today the problem of peace, and war, must be reformulated.

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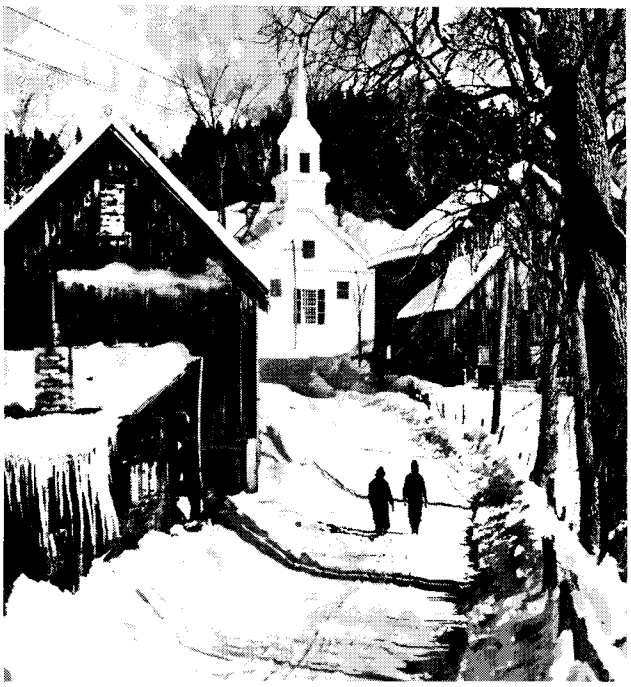
By Victor Keppler



Photographed by Arthur d'Arazien on a vacation trip, this simple scene was used on the cover of *Collier's* and on countless greeting cards and calendars. To date it has earned nearly $9,000. How many equally striking pictures are within a few blocks of your home?

I often wonder why more people don't use their cameras to pick up extra money.

Right in your own home town — on your Main Street, in your friends' homes, even in your own back yard — are subjects for saleable photographs that you could take in your spare time. And all over the country there are good markets waiting to buy them.

Vast hidden market for photographs

Even the biggest national magazines often accept photographs by talented amateurs. But far more important to the beginner is the vast hidden market for pictures — the hundreds of smaller publications that are begging for good photographs of people, places, and events in your area. Just by keeping an eye peeled for pictures "made to order" for these publications, many amateurs are able to pick up an extra $25 to $100 a week with their cameras.

The "bible" of photographers interested in extra money is a book called *Where and How to Sell Your Pictures.* It lists the names, addresses, and requirements of over 800 publications — trade journals, regional magazines and newspapers, sport and hobby magazines—that are constantly in the market for good pictures. Here are just a few examples chosen at random:

Flower Grower pays $50 to $100 for color pictures — $5 to $10 for black-and-white — of gardens, flowers, house plants, trees.

Car Life pays $5 to $25 for pictures of automotive subjects, including humorous shots.

Mechanix Illustrated pays $10 to $25 for science, crafts and hobby pictures.

Golf Digest pays $10 to $25 for pictures of golfers and golf scenes.

My Baby Magazine pays $10 to $15 for pictures of expectant and new mothers, babies and children under three.

Plastichrome Postcards pays $10 to $25 for color shots of general scenic interests.

How to sell the same picture more than once

And you can sell the same picture again and again. As a youth, Arthur d'Arazien shot a Rocky Mountain landscape that he has now sold 18 times for a total of $5,800. Another d'Arazien scene (above) has earned the photographer nearly $9,000. And he still owns both pictures.

A common way to get repeat sales is through stock photograph agencies. *Where and How to Sell Your Pictures* lists a number of such agencies that accept good photographs and publish them in catalogs from which advertisers and editors frequently order reprints. Each time one of your pictures is ordered, you earn another fee.

Still another source of revenue is people who want to buy extra prints from you. It could be the baker who has remodelled his shop, the golfer who has won a tournament trophy, or the handyman who has built a cabin cruiser. Naturally he'll want to see the pictures you are sending to the appropriate specialty magazine. And nine times out of ten, he'll want to buy extra prints.

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The following remarks may be regarded as an effort to respond to the intellectual requirements of peace, as suggested by the recent Convocation.

Peace is not the elimination of violence in man or the rooting out of his aggressiveness. Were this possible, the result would not be peace. The ancients talked of peace as the elimination of everything contrary to the will of man. Dante expressed this meaning theologically in the great aphorism: "In His Will is our Peace." But violence is not the only thing contrary to the will of man. Sometimes, the quite good wills of other men may also be contrary to it—if men happen, as they do, to hunt the same field.

"In His Will is our peace."

Neither is peace the absence of war or the signing of test-ban treaties. It is not the cessation of hostilities, the announcement of truces or the mutual establishment of de-militarized or de-nuclearized zones. It is not the reduction of tariff barriers or the growth of cultural exchange between nations. Yet all these things are related to peace either as antecedent or consequent, because they are related to that order within men and among men which alone is peace.

Some part of the difficulty we encounter in thinking about peace is that, long before Tolstoy, we coupled war and peace as opposites. But war is not the antithesis of peace even, and I would add especially, in the nuclear age. The true opposite of peace is disorder, anarchy, the absence of human reason and law in men and societies.

It is not surprising therefore to find peace, according to an angel's song, existing alongside good will toward men. Peace on earth *is* good will toward men. It may be the ultimate coexistence.

These remarks point to the fact that peace is an order natural to man. It may be, as Augustine says, "the tranquillity of order" because it frequently appears as rest and repose. But there are possible misunderstandings in the phrase as Pope Paul VI recently suggested: "Since the idea of peace is connected with tranquillity, cessation of opposition and orderly and harmonious solution of conflicts, we are easily led to think of it as inertia, repose, sleep, death." (Allocution on Benedictine Peace, October 24, 1964.)

. . . "the tranquillity of order". . .

If peace is not mere inactivity, it is also not simple concord. A collective attitude or outlook, even the harmonious union of the wills of man, may well be achieved through soma pills or through the charisma of a demagogue or tyrant. It is not any accord between men which is peace, but an accord proper to man, his reason and freedom, his law, institutions and customs. Peace must therefore be the rational effort to establish the proper order between the parts of his own being and the relations between men everywhere. The fundamental repository of peace is the well-ordered man, one who seeks to act according to his nature. It follows therefore that the attempt to act according to reason is the same as the pursuit of peace. It also follows that success in acting according to reason is the achievement of peace.

Peace has another quality. It is, like freedom and justice, indivisible. To lose peace anywhere is to lose it everywhere, especially in an age of instant communication. When peace is lost among nations it is also lost to persons. It is impossible to dissociate peace within man from peace among men, because man is both the center of his own being and the center of civil society. The Athenian general Nicias' advice to his defeated troops in Sicily is advice for every man: "Reflect that you yourselves, wherever you settle down, are a city already . . ." This central insight also informs Pope John's *Pacem in Terris* which deals first with man's rights and duties before dealing with social relations, or what Socrates called "man writ large." The essential unity between the order within man and the order between men is so important to the structure of peace that one can say man's recognition of their interdependence is itself a movement toward peace. It is a major requirement of peace.

. . . "man writ large."

It follows also that order between nations is based on order within man himself. Men fully conscious of their natural dignity are men able to recognize the dignity of nations. Pope John noted that all nations are equal in dignity, as all men are. Whether a nation be large or small, new, old or emerging, aligned or unaligned, with or without nuclear capability, African, Asian or Western, is as irrelevant for peace (I do not say for political conduct between nations) as whether a given man be large, small, strong, weak, old, young, black, yellow or white.

If, as Pope John predicted, "there will soon no longer exist a world divided into nations that rule others and nations that are subject to others," independent nations must repair to some common rule of political conduct and juridical decision. And whether we call that common rule a world community of law or a world federation of states is less important than whether it is based on the rational dignity of men wherever they exercise the rights of citizenship. To reduce the widening gap between the aspirations of men everywhere and the performance of

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individual nations, future relations between states must be based on that order and good will between men which constitutes peace on earth.

I have suggested that the idea of peace implies the pursuit of reason between men and nations. I suggest further that the pursuit of reason or peace is natural to man, not in the sense that he unfailingly pursues it, but in the sense that he fulfills his nature in this way. Pope John wisely pointed out that the laws governing man are not the same as those governing the universe, yet both are natural. The intervention of freedom introduces contingency into human life, as it produces the possibility of success and failure, virtue and vice, peace and disorder. It is as natural for man to be free as it is to be reasonable. It is also natural for him to be peaceful.

. . . virtue and vice, peace and disorder.

Because these remarks are in the tradition of natural law, it is well to conclude them with an allusion to what Thomas Aquinas called the "three precepts of the natural law." The first inclines man to survive and endure, along with all living beings. The second inclines man to reproduce his kind and provide education for his children. The third, a specifically human inclination, moves man to know the truth and live in society.

I suggest that the *Pacem in Terris Convocation* has shown that mankind is moving more steadily and surely toward the realization that he must survive than toward his other inclinations. Until he educates himself and his children in the ways of peace, the opportunity for seeking the truth and living in society may be denied him.

Fear of the Lord may be the beginning of wisdom, but mere fear for human survival is not a good start toward peace. Our common humanity and hope for an ordered peace is a more promising beginning.

The Convocation initiated a dialogue on the requirements of peace at every level of man's nature, and its precepts for peace were frequently those of natural law. It made clear that, of all the requirements for peace, none is more important than the understanding of it. In the last half of this century, in the new world heralded by *Pacem in Terris*, the Convocation began anew the search for peace. And though it may have revealed how little we think of, and know about, peace, because it brought men together in reason and in hope, it brought also its measure of peace.

Dr. Keegan is Associate Dean of the College of Arts and Sciences at Georgetown University.

Terence Prittie

LONDON: Struggle Over The Schools

by Terence Prittie

London

"No women in the whole world are so easily seducible as the wives of Public School men."

This curious generalisation, which appeared recently in the London far-left-wing weekly the *New Statesman* requires some explanation for anyone who is not British.

The British Public Schools, to start with, are not "public," but private and independent of the free State educational service. It costs money, often a great deal of money, to send sons to them. Therefore, the phrase "Public School men" is used sourly, out of the corners of their mouths, by the far-left-wingers of the British Labour Party. To them it is redolent of privilege and power, class-consciousness and class-distinctions.

There are around 200 Public Schools in Britain, with roughly 120,000 students between the ages of 13 and 19 (Eton, one of the largest, oldest and best-known, is one of the very few which encourage parents to send their sons there before their thirteenth birthday). Most Public School boys are "boarders," living divorced from their homes and families for rather more than two-thirds of the year, coming home for roughly five weeks at

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Christmas, three at Easter, and eight in the summer and early fall. But around one-third are "day boys," who set out from home early in the morning and get back only for supper.

There is a dry-as-dust definition of the Public Schools which, to merit that title, have to send their Headmasters to the "Headmasters Conference." They must have:

The degree of independence required of both Headmaster and Governing Body.

The requisite number of boys over 13 years of age.

. . . post O-level work . . .

The requisite number, in proportion to this, doing post O-level work (a reference to examinations taken around 15 and 16).

The requisite number of graduates from the School in British Universities.

The State can inspect the Public Schools and can, in theory, close them down if their standards are insufficient. This simply does not happen, since their standards are high. Public School boys enjoy obvious advantages over the six and a half million in the State's elementary and secondary schools. They can stay at school up to the age of 19, instead of leaving—as usually happens in State schools, by their 16th birthday. There are 14 or 15 pupils to a teacher, against 29 in State elementary and 19 in secondary schools. Their teachers are good and generally have university degrees. They have time to study boys' characters as well as their work, and their thrice-yearly "reports" are often trenchant, humourous and revealing little essays, written in excellent English.

Of course, it costs something to belong to this élite. The fees at Eton are around $1700 a year. At the extreme other end of the scale are the 1000 day boys of the King Henry VIII School at Coventry, where the fees are only $230. Remembering how much lower incomes are in Britain (a bank-clerk may earn only $2000 a year, or a barman only $2700), it is understandable that only the comparatively prosperous can send their sons to Public Schools. Even then, there may be no room for them; boys are entered for Eton at birth, and with no certainty of getting a place there twelve and a half years later. Plenty of girls have been entered, before birth, for Eton, and parents have had awkward explaining to do after the happy event. Most Public School entry-lists are full up to the late 1970's.

. . . a barman only $2700 . . .

It is not unnatural that the Public Schools arouse resentment. Some of it, certainly, is fatuous as well as being vengeful. Thus the *New Statesman:*

"Orwell's '1984' is probably the best insight into the nature of Public School life."

"That stuff about freedom of choice is irrelevant; it only means freedom to purchase privilege. Eton is admirably designed to be even more of a museum."

"It almost beggars belief that a social class can send its children away from home to live in the society of one sex, to eat often bad food in miserable surroundings at a high fee."

Far more sober was the Fabian Society pamphlet, claiming that a Public School education "sets children on the road to power and influence." Indeed, this can hardly be denied, given the addition of the single word "often." Leaders in British industry, in politics, in the fighting services, in trade, banking, and education itself are usually Public School men. They reach their positions by virtue of brains and personality, but they are helped by "knowing the right people." To be an Old Etonian is to belong to a useful club whose members are very ready to help one another if they can.

The Labour Party is sworn to destroy the Public Schools in their present form. The present Minister of Education, Anthony Crosland (needless to say, a Public School product himself!) outlined Labour's plans in his book, *The Conservative Enemy,* published two years ago. Twenty-five percent of the places in the Public Schools are to be given to State-aided, non fee-paying pupils, in the course of the next five years. This proportion should be stepped up gradually to 100 percent, for the final aim should be to spend exactly the same amount on the education of every child in the country.

In the meantime, Crosland wants tuition fees at Public Schools abolished, and charges for board and lodging to be subjected to an individual means-test. In the final analysis, freedom of choice of a school would be abolished; children would be "directed" to schools of the State's choice. Tradition and family associations would be buried along with privilege. The Public Schools as such would cease to exist for, Crosland maintains, "they are the greatest single cause of stratification and class-consciousness in Britain today."

The Labour Party has a big struggle on its hands. Left-wingers can write: "Public School boys seem to find it difficult to comprehend the hysterical rage, the inarticulate fury, that the existence of independent fee-paying schools can inspire . . . it is rage against injustice." But the majority of people in Britain cannot work themselves up into tantrums on this subject. To them Public School men are people who speak what is to them a strange "Oxford-English," who often dis-

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play a gift of leadership—in peace as well as in war—and who are by way of having a fairly strict code of conduct which they often break. For a social élite, they generally appear to have few social inhibitions. As Hilaire Belloc pointed out, neither rich nor poor are socially over-conscious. But,

"The people in between
Look underdone and harassed
And out of place, and mean,
And terribly embarrassed"

The 16-year-old Lord James Beauclaerk ran away from Eton in January 1965, not because of the food, but because of the discipline. The Public Schools produce a tough as well as privileged upbringing. Labour's attack on them will produce tough reactions—perhaps the biggest social struggle in Britain of this century.

This struggle will take time to get fully under way. For the Minister, Mr. Crosland, will work circumspectly towards his objective, by negotiation at first and by legislation afterwards. Negotiation has begun and one of the oldest Public Schools, Marlborough, has just offered to take 20 State-subsidised boys from the nearby town of Swindon—as from next September. The Labour Government's programme is under way.

LETTERS: Herzog on Bellow

Sirs:

"The unbearable Maxwell Geismar" more or less sums up the feelings of this observer of the literary scene. Mr. Geismar's piece on Saul Bellow in the March issue is really too much. It is one thing for a critic to be an independent spirit, excoriating the bland generalizations and special pleadings of one establishment or another. It is a wholly different matter when a critic becomes a self-conscious maverick, going against the grain because he feels that the pose becomes him. Geismar was once an interesting, responsible critic and literary historian who could be counted upon to go his own way. His recent performances have been resoundingly poor, with the Bellow article a case in point.

Geismar is a professional, no doubt about that. He sets us up for his "outré" attack on Bellow by demonstrating at the outset that there are plenty of things that suit him just fine. He isn't one of those unreasonable people who don't accept anything—not him. He enjoys Curtis Zahn, and Jakov Lind, among others. What a catholicity of appreciation—I suppose that's the expected response. But Bellow—well now, how about "the great literary scandal of the year." Geismar goes to work on *Herzog* with a combination of innuendo and free association. He tells us that last year, Mary McCarthy's *The Group* had the same overall reception as *Herzog,* which is, besides being irrelevant, absolutely absurd. No critic of any stature claimed more for *The Group* than that it was one of the year's important novels, which it may not have been. Those who have applauded *Herzog* have seen it as the major work of this country's major novelist. That is a different sort of thing entirely.

. . . his sleazy citation . . .

Geismar then conducts a survey of carefully chosen periodicals which contained favorable reviews of *Herzog.* The innuendo is apparent in his sleazy citation of Philip Rahv's favorable review, Geismar referring to Rahv as "that eminent Jamesian." Geismar doesn't feel compelled to make his connections explicit. You see, those who admire Henry James are naturally depraved intelligences. So reasons Geismar. The fact that Bellow could appeal to Rahv immediately established Bellow as a sop. Oh well, such travesties of critical integrity are really minor compared to Geismar's more extended treatment. Geismar simply demonstrates that he doesn't know what *Herzog* is all about. I am astonished that he claims to have read it. If there is one thing that Bellow's book is not, it is nihilistic. Geismar sees it as "sheer nihilism," which should not serve to condemn the book anyhow. Actually, *Herzog* represents a great deal of suffering, but it is purposeful suffering. Herzog develops in the course of the novel. His understanding of his problems as largely self-determined is a gradual enlightenment gleaned by imaginatively watching himself banging his head on the wall to no avail. He does not deny the validity of man's perpetual struggle to come to terms with himself and his milieu. Is it nihilistic for Herzog to declare, at the very end of the novel, that he is "pretty well satisfied to be, to be just as it is willed, and for as long as I may remain in occupancy." Geismar's assertion takes on the color of pure wilfulness and arrogant disregard of his professional obligations.

. . . "sheer nihilism" . . .

It would require considerable space, and considerable effort, to discuss *Her-*

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by Edward M. Keating
Editor-in-Chief of Ramparts Magazine

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zog with the fullness that it obviously requires, regardless of one's ultimate convictions about its literary value. Geismar throws off one barbaric inaccuracy after another without explaining anything. Not once does he quote from the novel and examine a passage to illustrate his contentions. Even critics of major stature must support what they say, and in Geismar's case, with the stature as uncertain as it is, there can be no relaxation of our imperative. Who gives a damn, Mr. Geismar, whether or not you consider the Jewish tradition a great one? How can anyone give a damn when you make a flat, blanket statement of that sort without bothering to examine it for us, explain yourself, make the all-important distinctions? And why should Bellow's inability to draw inspiration from that Jewish tradition reflect upon your evaluation of his novel, unless of course he snaps off judgments and conclusions as flippantly as you present yours in this review?

. . . not all sacred cows are vulnerable . . .

You set out, Mr. Geismar, to attack what may indeed, unfortunately, become a sacred cow, much as you set out in your Henry James project. But not all sacred cows are vulnerable, particularly when attacked without the appropriate critical tools. These tools include a willingness to be fair, to suspend predetermined conclusions while the examination is in progress. To illustrate what I mean, which is more than you did, let's take a look at the question of Herzog's Jewish tradition. Does he at any moment manifest in his behavior what you disgustedly call "the shame of being a Jew?" Not at any moment. Your assertion is absolutely indefensible. Herzog manifests a profound awareness of his cultural identity as a Jew. He draws on his heritage for his sense of a rich emotional life, and despairs that in moving away from his roots he has increasingly lost contact with himself, with his drives and ambitions. In an especially poignant moment (page 140), Herzog laments the passing of a warm, passionately competitive communal existence sanctified by the glow of tradition, encompassed by the imperatives of ritual: ". . . the bootlegger's boys reciting ancient prayers. To this Moses' heart was attached with great power. Here was a wider range of human feelings than he had ever again been able to find. The children of the race, by a never-failing miracle, opened their eyes on one strange world after another, age after age, and uttered the same prayer in each, eagerly loving what they found." This is one passage selected at random from several I might

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have chosen. Need I belabor this indictment of Maxwell Geismar any further?

Robert Boyers
Flushing, New York

Sirs:

Regarding Maxwell Geismar and his superbly pointed piece in last issue on "The Unbearable Bellow." In a review I did some months back on *Herzog*, I spoke of Bellow's latest (and, according to the Establishment, his supreme triumph, etc.) as possibly the most irrelevant piece of prose styling since, perhaps, a Hemingway African travelogue. Quite naturally, it is sweetly pleasing to see that someone of Maxwell Geismar's literary eminence is in agreement with me. The only other review of *Herzog* which took a properly dim view of Bellow's "decadence" was a superb analysis by a woman reviewer in the Kansas City Catholic Reporter (Michele Murray or somebody). . .

William McLaughlin
Runnemede, New Jersey

Sirs:

Maxwell Geismar is one of our most estimable literary critics, so I'm sure he can easily bear with my reaction to his handling of Saul Bellow's *Herzog*. I make no brief for the book, but Mr. Geismar's attempted demolition of it falls far short.

It would not be too much to say that almost the whole of Geismar's analysis proceeds *ad hominem*. Early on, he cites all the rhapsodic praises of establishment critics as though they constituted prima facie evidence that the book *must be* inferior. Given the current state of the establishment, this argument is tempting. But it is also dangerous. We can imagine a parallel to the Warren Report. When so many people are so totally convinced (*say* they are), scepticism seems a justifiable, or even a necessary, attitude. But if one doubts, as I do, the cogency of the Report's case against Oswald, one should be prepared to produce strong arguments in support of such a seemingly heretical view.

. . a parallel to the ·en Report.

Does Mr. Geismar present such evidence? Well, it would be hard for him to do so, since he leaves himself so little room for that effort. Not until the third to last paragraph does he get around to discussing the *book*. Until then, he is busy giving hell to contemporary fiction in general. This is bad enough. Yet even in the final paragraphs the charges are sweeping and without detailed reference to the novel in question. I am not asking for textual criticism but for criticism that *exposes* the writer's venality, if it exists. Of course, if Mr. Geismar assumes that we have read the book, and if he further assumes we agree with his specific biases, his approach may be understandable. But if we assume all this, how do we explain the mystery of his being asked to do a review in the first place? Perhaps this is why he leaves us bemused by a reference to the "gifted English novelist, Gabriel Fielding." If only we could have had a review of one of his books!

But drollery must not be allowed to obscure my point! As one who shares many of Mr. Geismar's prejudices, I simply mean to say: we must offer the world a fairer measure of our dissent and not merely raise its volume.

R. D. Lakin
Los Altos, California

Sirs:

The nature of Maxwell Geismar's vigorous article on writer Saul Bellow has provoked this comment. "There are no extremes here," he says of the book *Herzog*. Perhaps not, but his review makes up for the lack.

However understandable the pleasures of dissent are, a critic, if he wants to be read as an authority and not a neighbor, must either abstain or explain his position in a thoroughly detailed, responsible, and professional way. I have read so many *ad hominem* reviews lately that perhaps it is unreasonable to balk at another; if American criticism continues on its present course, it will be unnecessary to write in order to establish a literary reputation and reviews will be published based entirely on autobiographical facts and a quasi-psychoanalytical impression of the superfluous book. Geismar may well know Bellow intimately and find him unbearable in person and in spirit, but surely the critic's function is to review the *book?*

. . . so many ad hominem reviews . . .

What does it matter whether *Herzog* is autobiographical? Our concern is with the protagonist. Herzog, the man, is drawn at a time of disorientation during which his love, his relating to others, and his suffering (all denied by Geismar) are perceptively exposed. The letters, "mad, disorganized, fragmented," are composed in the mind of a man deep in emotional trouble, still aware and involved with "contemporary reality." Under the circumstances, how could they be other than shapeless and aborted? Because a man undergoes a period of emotional turmoil and disorganization and recognizes the process, is he a "wailing infant?" He is *in trouble because* of involvement; his suffering is not that of an "infant-hero," but of a man deeply committed to *understanding any inter-per-*

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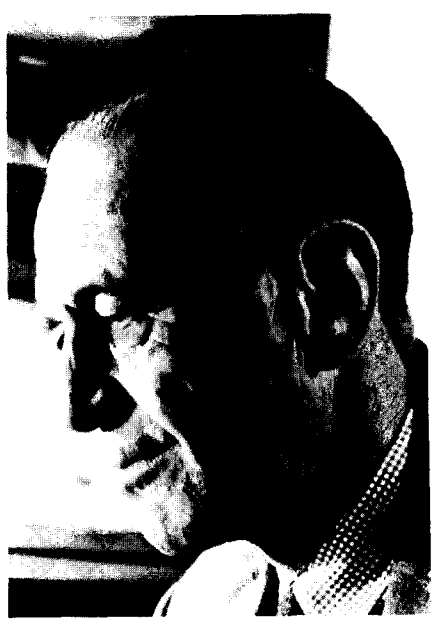
sonal relation—a Jewish closeness not "false" in any sense.

I suspect that neither Mary McCarthy nor Saul Bellow are unhappy over the success of their books. *The Group* is not an enduring work; McCarthy's people are deliberately caricatures. Badly-jointed episodes comprise a nasty, anti-human but unimportant novel. The structure, the people, and the motivation of *Herzog* are in no way comparable. The protagonist is palpable, intelligent, mortal, portrayed during a period of immense inner conflict—a man who will survive because, despite his pain and struggle, he is able to cope with truth without abandoning love.

It is accurate enough that a hero "without any sense of understanding, or recognition, or . . . sense of his own personal or moral responsibility," has neither reality nor stature nor enduring value. I have no way of knowing whether Bellow, the man, can be so described; I do know that Herzog, the man, cannot. I suggest that Maxwell Geismar turn to another nominee for the National Book Award, Richard Kim's *The Martyred,* for a blatant, current advocacy of self-deceit and moral irresponsibility. The thesis of this amateur novel is as old as totalitarianism: The Church must teach lies, for the bulk of men cannot survive knowing the truth.

(Incidentally, Geismar, "an authority on the American novel," should know that the Nobel Prize is awarded, not for the production of an individual work, but for a career of continued accomplishment in literature.)

E. S. Rock
Sunnyvale, California



Maxwell Geismar

fan and non-fan mail

Sirs:

Cheers for Mr. Geismar! He has done a much-needed piece of criticism. *Herzog* is a novel of complacency and a comfortable life. Mr. Geismar's attack on Saul Bellow hit the nail on the head. It's about time that we ended the celebration of the old hat in literature.

Sol Landau
San Francisco, California

Sirs:

The April number is extraordinarily outstanding. Mr. Donovan Bess has given us some brilliant insights. And the editorial was topnotch.

Harry Golden
Charlotte, North Carolina

Sirs:

How different!
How unique!
How inspiring!
to read Ramparts every month and see and read how one group of editors can openly bring reason and honesty to the peruser.

Your editorial on the Students at Berkeley was priceless and one of the very few who understood its meaning and did not castigate and label "communist."

Alvine Bullock
South Fork, California

Sirs:

Blemishes in the legend of Dr. Tom Dooley, Black Establishment, Menace of Barbie Dolls, Hogwash! You sound like *Parade* or *Saturday Evening Post* for pseudo-intellectuals. I haven't time for emasculated imitations of muckraking journalism. Shouldn't you say that you *espouse* hypocrisy, not expose it?

Is the blindfold of the American Eagle any greater evil or handicap than your hallucinations or errors of recognition?

No, I don't want your puerile imitation of the *Saturday Evening Post,* which may use more erudite words, but is possibly even more sanctimonious than the first.

Lawrence Lynch
S. Miami, Florida

Sirs:

Lucifer, too, was "fiercely independent." Are you following his lead?

If so, you may end by joining his company down below. Eh?

J. M. Eisenbaum
Wichita, Kansas

Sirs:

The fact that a Bishop would have the nerve to take the floor at Vatican 11 in

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defense of nuclear weapons shows to what deceitful standards of Christianity our Rome has succumbed. Bishop Hannan must have read the Bible and forgotten or decided to eliminate the teachings of Christ.

Christ taught no kill-your-enemy way to enter heaven. Christ taught Christians to have no enemies—only love of neighbor. Thou shalt not kill and thou shalt not be angry were words of Christ. It is a fact to all thinking peoples that human beings killed by any kind of bombings are innocents murdered. Even today men of intelligence, education, and organization kill only because Rome is so silent.

. . . led astray by Rome's weakness.

The past history of Rome and of Popes upholding the pugnacious man as some kind of male ideal has been responsible for much of the world's bloodshedding. Many who would follow Christ in perfect love of neighbor are led astray by Rome's weakness. Mental institutions are filled with supposedly sick individuals who are but followers of the Sermon on the Mount.

As a military wife who has tried prayer, divorce, and even written two Popes to free her husband from a perpetual air power career, I say the infidelities of Rome are infecting decent standards of Christian livelihood. Indeed these Catholic men are without compassion; they are without repentance, and they proudly lead their sons even in teenage into following the bloodied paths they knew. Is contraception or abortion so bad when Catholic men who have participated in the massacre of women and children and the unborn go boldly forth with a "Mary of the Air Medal" and teach the young men to follow them in pride?

Saint John who walked with Christ and must have understood better than present Rome the meaning of Christ's words, states: "Whosoever hateth his brother is a murderer, and you know that no murderer has eternal life in him." (1 John:3) As long as the Hierarchy so perpetuates all methods of warfare, the Pope will never stand as any kind of peace symbol for hope in the world. When one plans to kill people unknown there can be no love, and I go further and say there can be no Blessed Sacrament on a continually bloody altar as in a military chapel. The deceitful ways of Rome must end. If it takes more plays like *The Deputy* to awaken some conscience in Romes' splendor, then I say let the thinking theater go forth and preach past sins, so less sin occurs in the future.

Irene Hansel
U.S.A.F. Academy, Colorado

"What color is the face of God?"

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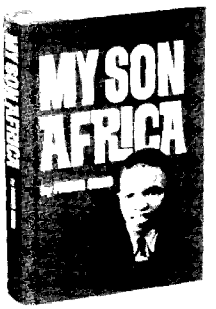

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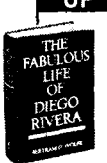

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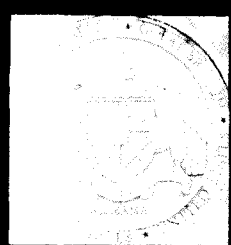
The South at War

INTRODUCTION: THE YELLOW ROSE OF TEXAS



It is no mere coincidence that virtually the last battle of the Civil War took place in Selma, Alabama, since the latest battle of Selma is in reality a continuation of the Civil War begun in 1861. In that year the Southern states claimed they were in secession, and over this a war was fought. The South is still in secession and the Civil War still goes on.

President Lincoln's sole purpose in prosecuting the first phase of the Civil War was to preserve the Union, and union cannot countenance secession. The War then was fought over the principle of the primacy of union, and the continuation of the war today strives to achieve the same objective.

But built into the principle of union is the essential ingredient of justice. Therefore, when the Union was preserved, the citizens of the United States, now including millions of Negro Americans, could reasonably and legitimately conclude that justice would be extended to all citizens of the Union. Tragically, this was not to be; justice left the American scene.

The 13th, 14th and 15th Amendments, as well as all of the Reconstruction statutes, which were intended to grant national citizenship to Negroes, were allowed to lapse, victims of the political ambitions of Northerners and Southerners alike. The choice that faced the political manipulators in the 1870s and '80s lay between full integration of the Southern states in the American political and economic community, or federal insistence on the rights of Negroes. The South presented the rest of the nation with this choice, and the rest of the nation abandoned millions of Negroes to the Southern way of life.

The South lost the War, but it won the peace.

The South once cried for secession; now it cries for "States Rights." In both instances the desired end has been power to control the Southern Negro. "States Rights" is the South's indispensable bargaining tool in negotiating national policy with the rest of the country.

Once the promise of justice had been withdrawn by the Federal Government, Negro Americans living in the Southern states were returned to their masters who once again possessed the power of life and death. But now, instead of cutting off a man's hand for attempting to learn to read or write, his dignity was excised by constructing the grotesque institution of "separate but equal" institutions, whose sole purpose was to destroy the humanity of its victims. The final thrust lies in the additional fact that Negro Americans are required by both Federal and State law to help pay, through taxes, for their own debasement.

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When the Reverend James Reeb lay dying in an Alabama hospital, the victim of the Southern way of life, the President of the United States sent a bouquet of yellow roses to his room as a symbol of Presidential concern. But the yellow rose of Texas was not and never will be the answer to the question that is tearing this country apart. Instead of flowers standing on a bedside table beside an unconscious and dying man, there should have been federal presence in Selma the day before the Reverend Reeb was struck down, just as there should have been federal presence the very first moment when the first Negro American was denied his right to live as a dignified human being and as a citizen of the United States.

Whereas President Lincoln used every means at his command to forthrightly and directly hold the Union together, compromising nothing to this objective, President Johnson and his administration can only be described as a "friendly power" observing the battle from a distance. But more important is the failure of the President, and all the Presidents between Lincoln and Johnson, to use every means at his command to preserve the Union. The South is in secession and has been for a century. As if to mock the "friendly power" in Washington, Southern Capitols fly the flag of the Confederacy over the flag of the United States.

So grotesque is the national situation that the true capital of the Union forces is now in Atlanta, Georgia, which contains the headquarters of the two main armies of the Union, the Southern Christian Leadership Conference and the Student Non-Violent Coordinating Committee. The President of this Union is Dr. Martin Luther King. The capital of the Confederacy continues to be Montgomery, Alabama, and its President is George C. Wallace.

And yet, this is a unique war when we realize that it is being prosecuted by the Union forces in non-violent terms. The Confederacy, knowing the reluctance of the friendly power to intervene, meets this non-violent resistance with traditional military means.

The President of the friendly power has said that he and its legislature plan to intervene in the bloody contest to grant the indigenous people the right to vote. But the friendly power decreed similar rights a century ago. How then, can one expect deliverance now? What has the friendly power done in the past that would induce belief in its modern pledge? But even if this pledge is redeemed, what new Selmas must there be before this friendly but distant power will safeguard educational opportunities and all of the other aspects of life that constitute citizenship in this country? Must the indigenous people always man the battle lines alone? How much more murder will be tolerated? How much more suffering?

This friendly power *follows* the game of life and death and justice; it doesn't *lead*. All this makes a mockery of the concept of Union. The question before the people of this country is the question of 1861: will this nation ever be the *United* States of America?

—Edward M. Keating

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FIVE BATTLES OF SELMA

by Warren Hinckle & David Welsh

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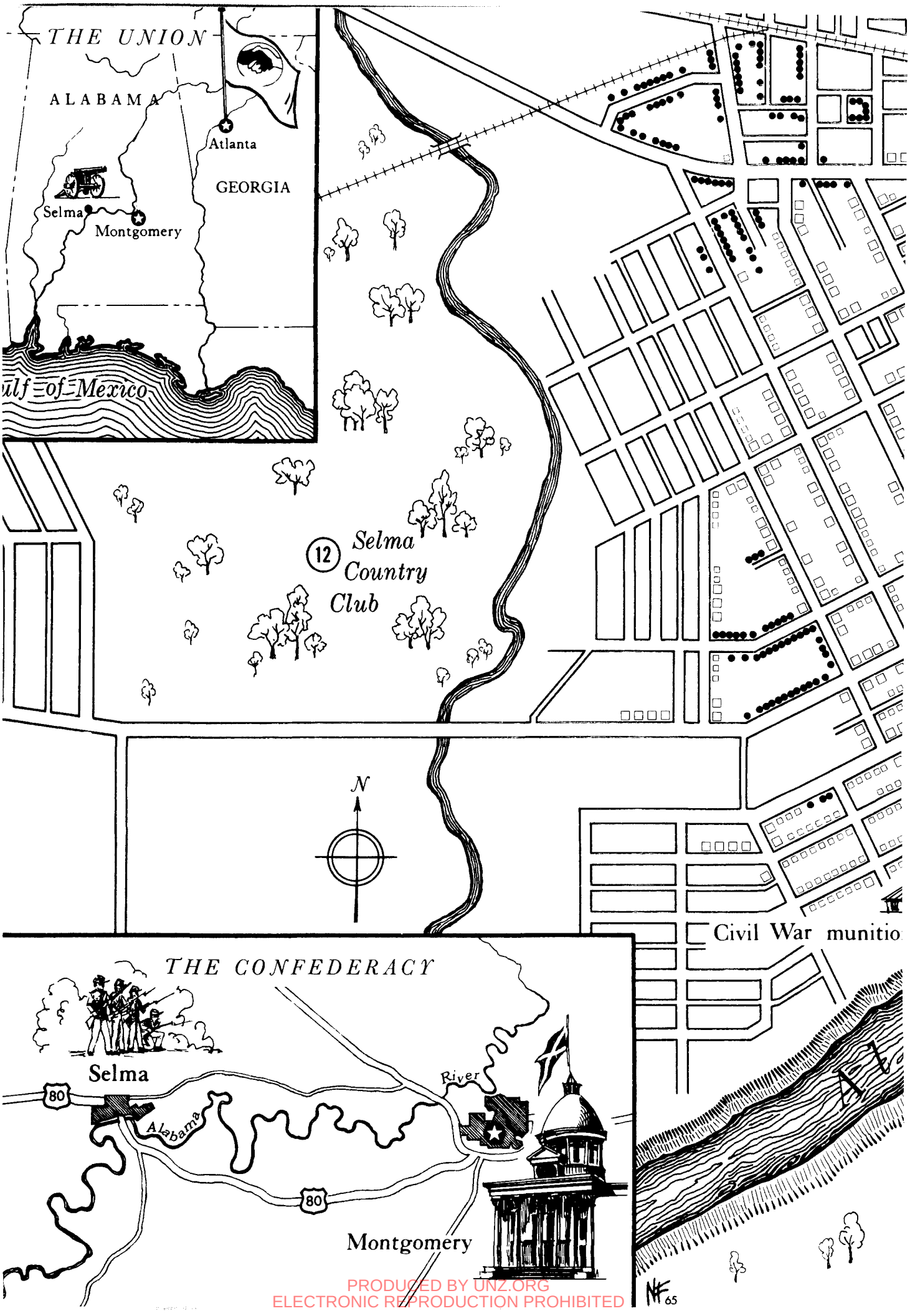

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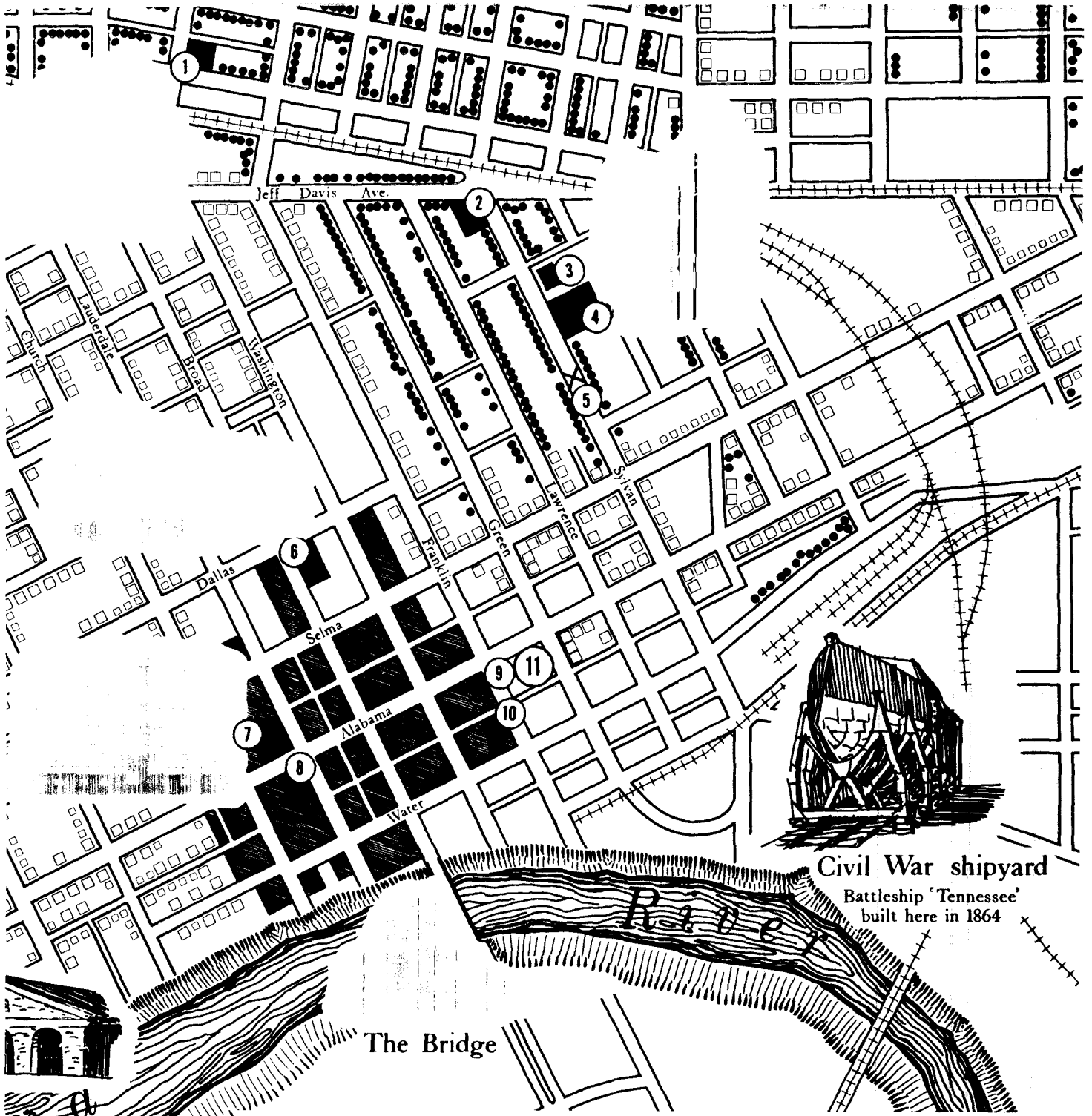

LEGEND

1	Good Samaritan Hospital	7	Dallas County Courthouse
2	First Baptist Church	8	Federal Building
3	Brown's Chapel Parsonage	9	SNCC Headquarters
4	Brown's Chapel, A.M.E.	10	SCLC Headquarters
5	The "Selma Wall"	11	Selma City Jail; Sheriff Clark's Apartment
6	Albert Hotel	12	Selma Country Club

●●● Negro Residences * □□ White Residences *

(* Source: Official Zoning Map, courtesy Alabama State Planning and Industrial Board.)

TO MONTGOMERY 50 MILES

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1.

Battle of the Bridge

THE LEGAL-SIZE MIMEOGRAPHED FORMS were deadly complete—name, address, next-of-kin, authorization for representation by counsel. Everyone who marched had to fill one out in case of arrest, injury or death. But there weren't enough forms to go around Sunday morning when the marchers came in from Boykin and Jones and Marion, from Atlanta and Chicago and New York. They came to Brown's Chapel —the red brick church towering over the red brick apartment buildings of the George Washington Carver Homes housing project in the Negro section of Selma.

Brown's Chapel was the assembly point for the planned march over U.S. Highway 80 through the swamps and hills and white racist strongholds of rural, black belt Alabama to the ornate colonial capitol at Montgomery, where the dual flags of the Confederate States of America and the Sovereign State of Alabama hung together limply in the still air around the capitol dome.

The girl handing out the forms said she needed more. A Negro boy ran down unpaved Sylvan Street, which intersects the federal housing project, and turned right on Alabama Street toward the Student Non-Violent Coordinating Committee (SNCC) headquarters located three blocks uptown. He went to the top floor of a three-story, rickety Negro office building with unlighted hallways and atrophied doors set in warped door-jambs. From the Selma City Jail directly across the street, police watched the young Negro go into the dreary building and come out a few minutes later carrying a freshly printed pile of registration forms. They knew he was going back to Brown's Chapel, as they knew most everything else about the movements of Negroes in Selma. Dallas County Sheriff Jim Clark, the tough front-man of the Selma racists, lives with his wife in a jail building apartment. He amuses himself in the morning by spying, with high-powered binoculars, into the SNCC offices. Sheriff Clark is an early riser.

This kind of police state activity is accepted as routine by Negroes. Selma is a tough town. It was a slave trade center in the *ante-bellum* years. Lynchings are an ingrained part of local custom. It is a dangerous town for "uppity" Negroes and civil rights "agitators." Sheriff Clark commands a hand-picked band of over 200 "volunteer" possemen who ride horseback about the

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Sunday, March 7: beaten and gassed Unionists struggle to aid their fallen.

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state, curing with bull whips, clubs and guns any social disturbances involving labor union organizers or civil rights activists. The birthplace of the Alabama white Citizen's Council, Selma proudly numbers among its native sons such eminent, modern Southerners as Birmingham Police Commissioner Eugene "Bull" Connor. Only one per cent of Selma's 15,000 Negro citizens have dared to register to vote.

This historic Confederate city on the banks of the muddy Alabama river is a citadel of Southern resistance to integration. Only in the Trailways bus station do Negroes and whites mix. This is why SNCC, in 1963, selected Selma as a prime target for its organizing activities. The Confederate establishment immediately began to skirmish with the civil rights invaders, and when Dr. Martin Luther King and his Southern Christian Leadership Conference (SCLC) joined forces with SNCC in Selma early this year, the Confederate "police action" escalated into a conflict of military proportions not seen in the South since the Battle of Selma nominally ended the Civil War in April of 1865.

Like all wars, this one became deadly serious after the first casualty. Jimmy Lee Jackson, a 26-year-old Negro woodcutter, was gunned down by an Alabama State Trooper during a racial demonstration in nearby Marion. When he died eight days later in Selma's Negro Good Samaritan Hospital, he was a war hero. The Montgomery march of Sunday, March 7, was called more to honor Jimmy Jackson than to seriously petition Governor George Wallace (the titular President of the Confederacy) for the redress of racial inequities he has sworn to preserve.

Wallace had ordered the march squashed. On that quiet Sunday morning all the loyal military forces of the white police state of Alabama were organizing for an overkill.

As the young Negro left the SNCC offices with a fresh supply of registration forms, his progress was reported to the Confederate Command Post operating in Sheriff Clark's Dallas County Court House offices in downtown Selma. "The nigger's leaving there now . . . he's goin' back down Alabama Street . . . carryin' papers . . . back to the church . . ." The intelligence came over the two-way radio in thick, surly Southern tones. A middle-aged woman wearing rimless glasses, a Confederate flag pinned to her white blouse, sat on a stool, her legs crossed, writing everything down. A large sign near the doorway of the first floor suite read "Quiet Please, We are Trying To Monitor Three Radios." The woman leaned over and handed the message to the Sheriff's deputy, an attractive brunette, who sat with perfect posture behind a grey metal desk. She was constantly occupied with telephone and two-way radio, relaying information to the Confederate forces massing outside the Selma city limits. Excellently groomed and cooly efficient, she wore her brown sweater and brown skirt like she knew the uniform concealed a faintly plump but nonetheless classic Southern figure. A gold deputy's badge was pinned above her bosom. (Selma wags say that Sheriff Clark demands the best in horseflesh for his posse—and the best in womanflesh on his office staff.)

This demure deputy was important to the morale of the Sheriff's office. She represented the "other side" of Selma: the life of good manners and traditional Southern gentility; the life of the exclusive "country club" set. The Selma Country Club rests on gracefully sloping hills just outside the main business district, as far removed as possible from the weather-torn, decaying shacks lining the unpaved streets of the Negro residential section and the high-roofed, wooden-front stores operated by Jewish merchants in the Negro shopping district. Also far removed from the slopes of the Country Club are the factories which manufacture locks and bricks and lumber and cotton oil and produce the profits which enable the substantial citizens of the "other Selma" to live comfortably, often luxuriously, in fine homes of classical architecture and to order the right things from the Neiman-Marcus catalogue.

These elder families of Selma are at the apex of a pyramided racial and socio-economic structure based on the suppression of the Negro—but the "good citizens" never engage in violence to maintain it. Instead they leave the beatings and the whippings and the terrorizing to lower middle-class whites. But they condone and applaud these activities and without this approval from the top, the systematic repression of the Negro would collapse into directionless violence. The 22-year-old deputy, daughter of one of Selma's better families, well understood this delicate relationship. Because she was privy to the secret Confederate battle plans for Sunday, she had driven the 50 miles into Montgomery the day before to have her hair specially done. She knew this was going to be a memorable, victorious day for the South. She wanted to look her representative best.

ONE OF THE COMMAND POST RADIOS CRACKLED: "There's three more cars of niggers crossing the bridge. Some white bastards riding with them. Heading for Brown's Chapel." The bridge was the Edmund Pettus Bridge, a stumpy concrete edifice stretching between the debris-lined bluffs of the sluggish Alabama River and linking Selma with Highway 80 (the Jefferson Davis Highway), the road to Montgomery. This was the bridge the marchers would have to cross. At the other end the Confederate forces were massing for the kill.

It was early afternoon. The State Troopers were preparing to block off traffic on the heavily-traveled thor-

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oughfare. They moved their patrol cars into position on both sides of the divided highway, facing the north. It was from the north that the Union forces would come.

Sheriff Clark's good friend, Colonel Al Lingo, head of the Alabama State Troopers, sat in an unmarked car at the side of the highway, watching his men prepare for battle. The generalship of the Confederate forces was Lingo's responsibility; Sheriff Clark's deputies and his possemen took orders from him this day. It was not the first time that Lingo and Clark had combined forces to defeat insurgent Union troops. They had worked together to quell demonstrations at Birmingham and Tuskegee, Gadsden and at the University of Alabama. But today was something special. Clark and Lingo, at the request of the Confederate Commander-in-Chief, Wallace, had worked out battle plans that would not only scatter the Union forces but make their defeat an object lesson. Blood was in the air. The white citizens of Alabama had grown weary of "moderate" handling of the Selma voter registration demonstrations led by Dr. Martin Luther King. Selma's Public Safety Director, Wilson Baker, had insisted on mass arrests to control the demonstrators. Now the Confederate leadership wanted something more effective. Selma city police were told to stay out of the march break-up. The State Troopers and Sheriff Clark's deputies would handle things in their own fashion. "If the Negroes refuse to disperse, we shall not make mass arrests," Colonel Lingo said. He said it the way a general says his side will take no prisoners.

Lingo and Clark had gone to ingenious extremes to make sure their troops were adequately supplied with the proper weapons to fight the unarmed marchers. They issued two-foot-long cattle prods (battery-charged, devilish instruments about the thickness of a half-dollar with a point at the end which sears human skin when it touches). Lingo also laid in a complete supply of tear gas with wide-nozzle guns capable of spraying gas over a broad area, circular tear gas bombs, and tear gas shells shot from special guns. Each man had a gas mask and long billy club (some of the more dedicated had weighted their clubs by drilling holes and inserting metal rods). In case the Union forces fought back, both sheriff's deputies and troopers had carbines and shotguns in their cars. Many of Sheriff Clark's possemen carried long bull whips. These were personal property, not state issue. The men wore riot helmets emblazoned with Confederate flags. Colonel Lingo is partial to the red, white and blue flag of the Confederacy. When he assumed command of the Alabama Highway Patrol, after Wallace was elected governor, he changed the name of the patrol to *State Troopers* and ordered Confederate flags affixed to the front license plates of trooper patrol cars.

Colonel Lingo was satisfied with the military preparations. He leaned back and waited, looking toward the bridge and the north.

As tear gas billows around them, a masked trooper aims a knee at a blinded Negro woman.

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The South at War

FILLING OUT A MARCHING FORM at Brown's Chapel was 16-year-old Viola Jackson of Selma (no relation to the late Jimmy Lee Jackson.) *Have you ever been arrested?* NO. *Have you ever been beaten?* YES. *Do you have any ailments that should be checked before the march?* NO. She handed in the paper and went outside where the marchers were forming.

The detailed form was typical of the style of military organization that the SNCC people and Dr. King's lieutenants adopted for the Selma campaign. The march itself was planned in military style: participants were to line up two abreast, grouped into squads of 25 people, and then into companies of four squads each. The leaders of the march—John Lewis of SNCC and Hosea Williams of SCLC—had originally planned to organize the squads on paper. But the last minute influx of marchers made that impractical, so everyone was ordered outside to the playground behind Brown's Chapel and told to line up in pairs. Forty-five minutes later, six companies were ready to march.

The Union leadership had, in its own way, prepared for the expected confrontation with the Confederate forces: four ambulances were parked on Sylvan Street; ten doctors and nurses, mostly from New York, had flown to Montgomery and driven to Selma the night before. They were volunteers of the Medical Committee for Human Rights. When the march started, they followed in the file of ambulances at the end of the line.

Viola Jackson found herself in the second company, first squad. Standing in front of her was a young Negro wearing a sweatshirt. His marching companion was a tall white youth wearing a blue windbreaker jacket, blue cap and carrying a round knapsack on his back. They introduced themselves. The Negro was Charles Mauldin, an 18-year-old junior at the R. B. Hudson High School, Selma's Negro high, and President of the 1500-member Selma Youth Movement. Slight of build and articulate of expression, he was polite and friendly. The white was Jim Benston, an unsalaried member of the SCLC Selma staff. Benston is 20 and blond and has a scraggly yellow beard. He is from Arkansas and is hated by the cops because they consider him a double traitor: to the South and to his Caucasian race. He became a prime target for clubbing.

The march began without heraldry. Viola Jackson and Charles Mauldin and Jim Benston walked close together as the three-block-long line moved slowly down Sylvan Street and up Water Avenue, through the Negro business district, to the bridge. Groups of Selma citizens stood in sullen, compressed groups on street corners and watched. The marchers passed the Selma Radiator Shop. A white man taunted Viola: "Black bitch. Got a white boy to play with, huh?" As they reached Broad Street—the main street of Selma that leads onto the bridge—a white woman driving a green pick-up truck tried to run down Benston. He leaped out of the way. Police had refused to direct traffic for the marchers, except to halt cars as the long line turned onto the bridge at Broad Street. So the marchers had to be wary of white citizens with cars. The last thing Viola and the two boys saw as they walked onto the bridge was the troopers and possemen stationed by the Selma Times Journal building, waiting patiently. They knew the marchers would be coming back.

THE VIEW FROM THE OTHER SIDE of the Pettus Bridge—looking toward Selma—was less than inspiring. The old brick buildings that line the bluffs above the slow-flowing river were gradually falling away. The sloping bluffs were spotted with bricks, discarded building materials and decaying underbrush. Viola Jackson and Charles Mauldin and Jim Benston could look back at the river bluffs and the long line of marchers behind them on the bridge, but they couldn't tell what was happening ahead of them on the highway. All they could see were police cars, State Trooper cars, sheriff's cars—a silent, stationary armada filling all four lanes of the Jefferson Davis Highway. Viola whispered that she had never seen so many police cars in one place in her life. A large, surly crowd of Selma white citizens—hooting, snorting, like spectators at a bull fight—stood on the trunks of parked cars or jammed the frontage area of roadside businesses, seeking ring-side seats. Newsmen were herded together in front of the Lehman Pontiac building some distance from the marchers and assigned several troopers for "protection."

State troopers, headed by Major John Cloud, lined the highway three deep. Colonel Lingo watched from his automobile parked near Lehman's Grocery. As the marchers approached, Major Cloud hailed them: "This is an unlawful assembly," he said. "You have two minutes to turn around and go back to your church." The leaders of the march were now within several feet of the phalanx of troopers who held their clubs at the ready. Major Cloud took out his watch and started counting. The silence was total. Exactly one minute and five seconds later Major Cloud ordered, "Troopers forward." The blue-clad troopers leaped ahead, clubs swinging, moving with a sudden force that bowled over line after line of marchers. The first groups of Negroes went to the ground screaming, their knapsacks and bags spilling onto the highway. The white spectators cheered.

The marchers, pushed back by the billy club attack, grouped together on the grassy, gasoline-soiled dividing strip in the center of the highway. They knelt and began to pray. The troopers rushed in again, banging heads,

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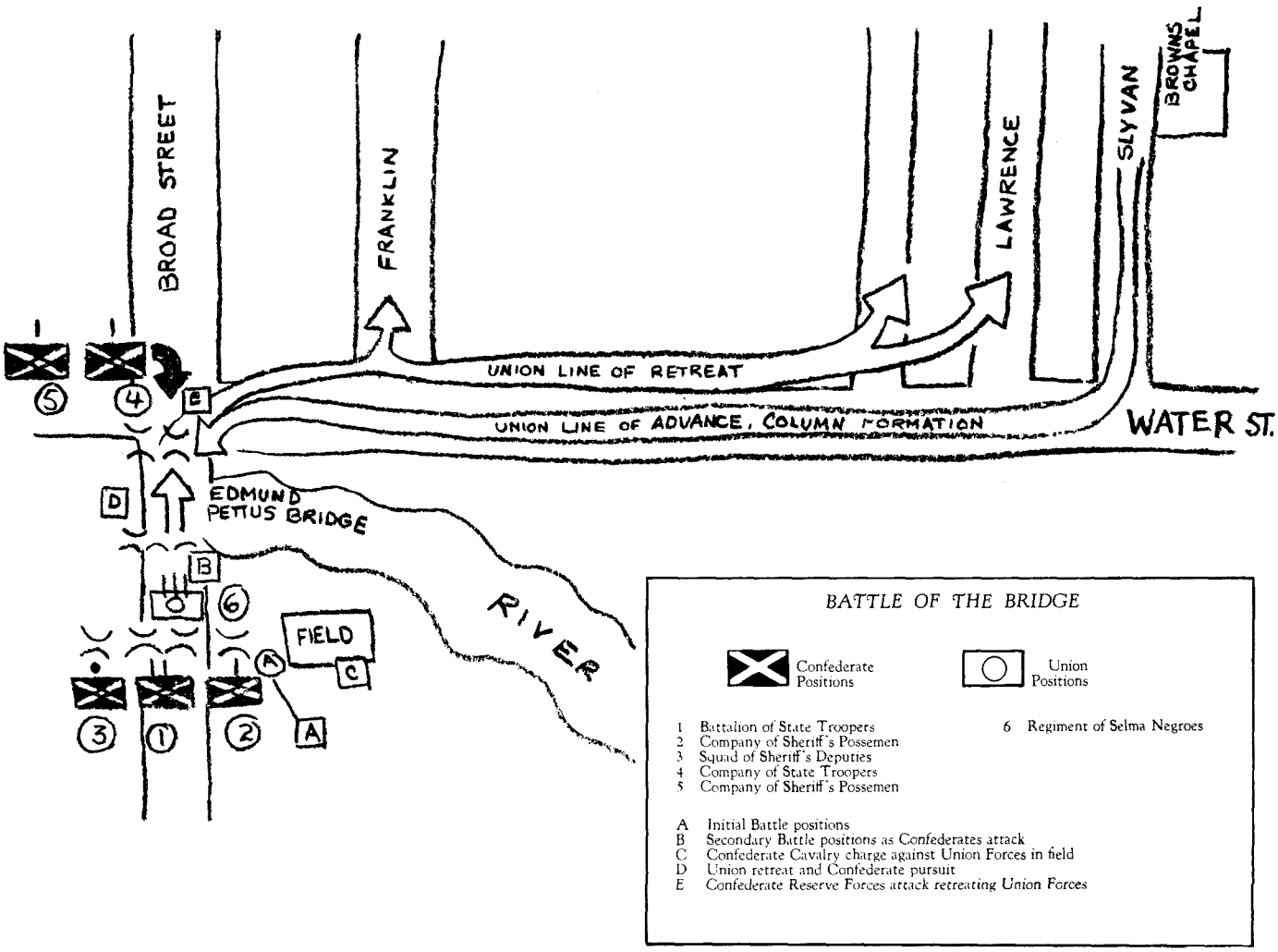
and then retreated. Viola and the two boys knelt together. For two minutes, a tense silence was broken only by the sound of the Confederate forces strapping on their gas masks and the buzz-buzz-buzz of the cattle prods. Sheriff Clark ordered his possemen to mount up. "Get those god damn niggers—and get those god damn white niggers," he said.

As the troopers heaved the first tear gas bombs into the praying Negroes, the crowd of several hundred white onlookers broke into prolonged cheering. "Give it to the damnyankees. Give it to the niggers." The first were feeler bombs; the marchers coughed and gagged, but didn't move. Then the troopers let loose with a heavy barrage of gas shells. Several bombs landed near Viola and the two boys, and then they couldn't see each other anymore.

For Charles Mauldin, it was like a quick visit to hell. "The gas was so thick that you could almost reach up and grab it. It seemed to lift me up and fill my lungs and I went down." Some of the marchers panicked and ran. They couldn't see where they were going and they ran into cars and buildings. A young girl collapsed inside the treads of a tractor. Mauldin pulled her out. Marchers scrambled over a barbed wire fence, tearing their clothes and scratching their stomachs, and ran down blindly toward the muddy river. The troopers, protected by gas masks, moved through the gasping, fainting Negroes and beat them with clubs. When Mauldin finally staggered in retreat back onto the bridge, a posseman on horseback rode by and hit him across the neck with an eight-foot bull whip. "What do you want, nigger, jump off the bridge? Well, go on, jump." The troopers and the possemen herded the fleeing Negroes across the bridge with cattle prods, clubs and whips. Those who were too young or too old to move fast enough got hit the most. When they got to the Selma end of the bridge, the possemen and deputies who had been patiently waiting there attacked them anew with clubs and whips and chased them through the streets down toward the Negro quarter.

For Jim Benston, it was worse. After the first tear gas attack, he lay on the ground trying to breathe. He looked up and a trooper was standing in front of him, staring down through the big goggle-eyes of his gas mask. The trooper slowly lifted his tear gas gun and shot it off directly into Benston's face. "I was knocked out for maybe five minutes. When I woke up I was in a cloud. I couldn't breathe and I couldn't see. I was



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coughing and I was sick. It was like the world had gone away. I laid there on the grass for a few minutes and then I felt around me, trying to see if anybody else was still there. I couldn't feel anybody. They were all gone. I was the only one left." Benston staggered off to his right, through a used car lot, and collapsed in a small field. A dozen or so other marchers lay there, bleeding, coughing, trying to catch their breath. Then Benston heard horses, and shrill rebel battle yells. The possemen were charging the band of prone marchers. All the posse had clubs and some of them had whips and they struck out at anything they could see. "They tried to get the horses to run over us," Benston said. "They came charging through where we were laying on the grass and tried to hit us with the horses, but the horses had more sense. One posseman tried to get his horse to rear up and land on top of a man near me, but the horse wouldn't do it. Horses have more sense." The marchers got up and ran toward the bridge. The possemen rode in front of them and set off tear gas bombs in their path, forcing them through the new pockets of gas. On the bridge, Benston was clubbed at least 25 times. As he ran down the narrow pedestrian sidewalk, possemen would take turns, galloping by, clubbing him, laughing. He pulled his knapsack up to cover his head and neck. "That knapsack saved my life," he said. Some of the possemen, crazy with excitement, tried to force their horses up onto the narrow walkway to run down the fleeing marchers. As the possemen galloped up and down the concrete bridge, swinging clubs and whips, one sheriff's volunteer leaned forward and screamed in his horse's ear, "Bite them, bite them, bite the niggers." The possemen chased Benston's group for two blocks into Selma, until the streets became crowded. Possemen don't generally whip people in public.

For Viola Jackson, it didn't last long. She was knocked down on the dividing strip and dug her fingernails into the ground. The thick tear gas hung like heavy cigarette smoke between the blades of grass and curled around her fingers. She managed to get up and tried to run, but she couldn't go on: Her breath came shorter. Then she couldn't see, and she fell down onto the ground and didn't get up. More shells fell nearby, and the gas covered her fallen body like a blanket.

The police at first wouldn't let the waiting Union ambulances onto the bridge to pick up the wounded. When they did, finally, the volunteer drivers and doctors and nurses worked frantically, loading the injured and racing them to the Good Samaritan Hospital.

Sheriff Clark's possemen chased the Negroes down to the housing project, but were stopped by Selma Safety Director Baker. Baker said he had his city police surrounding the project area and saw no need for further force. The Selma Times-Journal quoted Clark as replying to Baker: "I've already waited a month too damn long about moving in."

In the ensuing thirty minutes before the possemen and the troopers cleared out of the housing project, the First Baptist Church on Sylvan Street was raided by Confederates. They fired tear gas into the church, then went inside and threw a Negro teenager through a devotional window. They also tear-gassed one of the Negro homes along Sylvan Street and chased children through the project with their horses. Some of the younger Negroes began to throw bricks at the troopers, and, in a few moments of extraordinary juvenile passion, the troopers picked up the bricks and threw them back. The angry, shattered marchers crowded into Brown's Chapel where John Lewis of SNCC told them (before he went to the hospital for treatment of a head injury), "I don't see how President Johnson can send troops to Vietnam. I don't see how he can send troops to the Congo. I don't see how he can send troops to Africa and can't send troops to Selma, Alabama."

At the Good Samaritan Hospital, a modernistic building dedicated in 1964 and operated for Selma's Negroes by the Edmundite Fathers, the emergency rooms looked like a scene out of *Birth of a Nation*. The wounded marchers were propped on carts and tables and on the floor—bleeding and sobbing. The sickening odor of tear gas filled the emergency rooms. Tables were removed from the employees' dining room and the injured were laid on the floor. The tear gas victims, coughing and gasping violently, overflowed into the hospital corridors. Several hours later, most of the 84 people taken to the hospital were deposited in a makeshift recovery area—the lounge of the hospital's nursing home—to await friends or relatives. Seventeen were injured seriously enough to be admitted for treatment—fractured ribs, fractured wrists, head wounds, broken teeth. Among those admitted was Viola Jackson, 16, "for extended treatment of tear gas effect and hysteria."

After the Negroes in the project were forced indoors, Sheriff Clark's posse rode uptown, looking for more Negroes. They yelled at Negroes walking on the streets and beat with their night-sticks on the hoods of cars with Negro drivers. "Get the hell out of town. Go on. We mean it. We want all the niggers off the street."

By dusk, not one Negro could be found on the streets of Selma.

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2. SHOW OF FORCE

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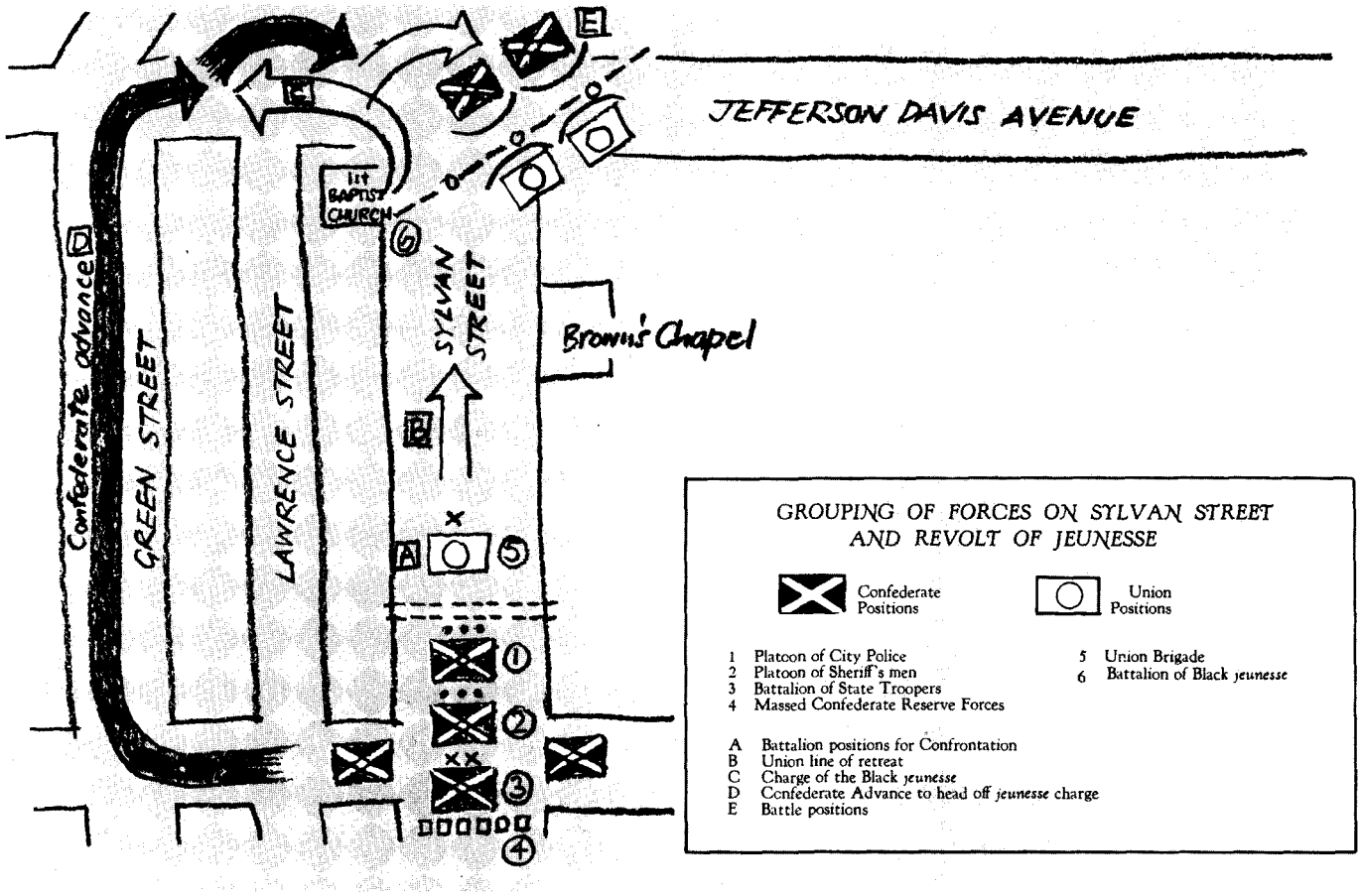
JEFFERSON DAVIS AVENUE
1ST BAPTIST CHURCH
Brown's Chapel
SYLVAN STREET
LAWRENCE STREET
GREEN STREET
Confederate advance
GROUPING OF FORCES ON SYLVAN STREET AND REVOLT OF JEUNESSE
Confederate Positions
Union Positions
1 Platoon of City Police
2 Platoon of Sheriff's men
3 Battalion of State Troopers
4 Massed Confederate Reserve Forces
5 Union Brigade
6 Battalion of Black jeunesse
A Battalion positions for Confrontation
B Union line of retreat
C Charge of the Black jeunesse
D Confederate Advance to head off jeunesse charge
E Battle positions

ALTHOUGH THE CONTEST IS UNLIKELY ever to be held, Jim Clark could win, hands down, the title of best-dressed sheriff in the Black Belt. He owns 74 shirts and 12 pairs of boots, and Wednesday afternoon, as the Confederate forces were lining up before the national television cameras for a massive show of force on Sylvan Street, the dapper, segregationist Sheriff was at his resplendent best. His boots were spit-polished ("white spit," Clark told an inquiring reporter), the crease on the pants of his dark business suit cutting-edge sharp, the alabaster purity of his crash helmet broken only by a painted Confederate flag. In his lapel was the symbol of Clark's philosophy of law enforcement in Dallas County, Alabama: a round white button bearing the single word "NEVER." This is Clark's rejoinder to "We Shall Overcome," and it appeared "Never" would be the order of the day as the armed forces of the State of Alabama assumed battle formation a half block down from Brown's Chapel on dusty Sylvan Street. State Troopers, sheriff's deputies, city policemen, Alabama Soil Conservation officers, even Alabama Alcoholic Beverage Control officers, lined up in two and three squad car rows on Sylvan Street, flanking in reserve to the right and left down Selma Avenue and filling yet another block of Sylvan Street beyond the boundaries of the Negro housing project. The Mayor of Selma had said the Union could not march today and the troops were here to see that they would not.

This huge assemblage of police cars and troopers was good tonic for Sheriff Clark. He moved in between his deputies' cars, playfully snapping the rawhide hanging from his billy club at the khaki-clad buttocks of his possemen. He didn't act at all like a soldier who had just been dressed down by his commander-in-chief.

Governor Wallace had summoned Clark to his capital offices the day before and told him to call off his posse and their whips and horses. Jim Clark has been Sheriff of Dallas County since 1955 and has used his posse to handle labor organizers and to crack the heads of Negroes with complete impunity, and this was the first time he was ever called on the carpet. He stood on the coffee-colored rug in the Governor's office and stared at the pale yellow walls of the executive suite as Wallace, who seemed concerned about Alabama's image, upbraided Clark for the posse's Attila-the-Hun tactics on Sunday, before the lenses of television cameras. The Governor wasn't really mad about the whips, but he was mad as hell about the television cameras. When Clark left, red-faced and angry, he had instructions to keep his men out of the omniscient television eye. The Sheriff was also told that Wilson Baker would call the shots in Selma and he didn't like that, either.

But Clark's possemen were out today, armed only with clubs and guns (no horses or whips), to join the massing of the Confederate forces, and the Sheriff felt good. The Union forces planned a forbidden march to

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the green-stone-front Dallas County Courthouse this Wednesday afternoon. The march was an open secret. There were few strategic secrets on either side because these days of racial crisis in Selma were covered by some 200 members of the press as if it all were a national political convention. Newscasters had broadcast reports of the planned Courthouse march early that morning.

Clark has a special feeling for the Courthouse. It is his duty as Sheriff to protect it. The Sheriff is a man of descriptions. He calls the Courthouse "the temple of justice." He does not like Negroes defiling the temple. Clark looked down Sylvan Street toward Brown's Chapel where the Union forces were holding a meeting inside. He calls Brown's Chapel the "church of thieves." He glanced toward Wilson Baker, whose city police were holding the front line of the Confederate forces. There is no public record of how Sheriff Clark describes Baker and that is just as well because it wouldn't be a nice description. Clark hates Baker's guts.

Wilson Baker, a big man with mild mannerisms, leaned against a squad car and puffed on a cigar through a brown plastic holder. He is the Director of Public Safety of Selma. For public safety director, read police chief. "Public Safety" is a strange phrase but it is a big thing in the Confederate State of Alabama. Across from the gold-domed capitol at Montgomery there is a large foreboding building that houses the state's Department of Public Safety. This is Alabama's Pentagon. It is the headquarters of the State Troopers and is undoubtedly the most elaborate highway patrol office in America. Another of Colonel Lingo's titles is State Director of Public Safety. Mr. Baker, however, is one of the few police officials in Alabama who does not make the title ludicrous by his actions. He thinks like a dedicated cop and not like a storm trooper. In Alabama law enforcement, when it comes to dealing with Negroes, this is an unusual sort of thinking. He would rather cajole or, at worst, arrest civil rights demonstrators than beat them. This moderate approach has alienated him from Sheriff Clark. "Those two have been at it all month long like two dogs in a pit," a Justice Department observer in Selma said. In the last two months of racial demonstrations, Baker's tactics have kept the lid on this troubled and tense town. Massive violence came only once—Sunday at the bridge, when the Clark/Lingo coalition took over.

Baker has been criticized recently by Selma white townspeople—both racists and "moderates." They feel the demonstrations have gone too long and too far. But Baker is the kind of tough cop who does his job without regard to public opinion. This is not to say that Baker isn't a segregationist. He is. But he is a segregationist who seems to have some feeling for the Negro's struggle for human dignity. "If I was a nigger, I'd be doing just what they're doing," he once said.

THE UNION DEMONSTRATORS boiled out of Brown's Chapel. They stood in the street, chatting casually, as if they had just come out of a regular Sunday service, then began to form ranks under a worn chinaberry tree. There were some 500 of them, a good sixty per cent of them white and most of that number ministers and nuns. Baker strode forward to the front echelon of Selma police officers who were lined up across Sylvan Street. Beyond them, the Confederate forces stretched in a flow of color worthy of a *Camelot* set: first, more city policemen in white helmets and dark blue uniforms; then, several hundred feet back, stretched in a solid mass from the end of Sylvan Street, the sheriff's deputies, in dark brown uniforms; then the sheriff's posse, distinguished by their obesity and irregular dress of khakis and blue denims; behind the posse, the ranks of Alabama Soil Conservation officers, nominally Game Wardens, with green cars and green uniforms and green helmets; then several battalions of State Troopers wearing blue helmets with Confederate flags painted on them, light blue breeches and boots, dark blue blouses. The troopers' unmarked cars, the metal Confederate flags affixed to the front bumpers, filled adjoining streets in an impressive display of Alabama's military might. Jets from nearby Craig Air Force Base streaked overhead, but nobody looked up.

The marchers formed up four abreast and started down Sylvan Street toward the line of police a half block away. When they got within 12 feet, Baker stepped forward and raised his big left hand in a lazy arc, the cigar still between his fingers: "Reverend Anderson, you cannot march today." Standing beside Baker was Joseph T. Smitherman, Selma's young and nervous Mayor. The Rev. L. L. Anderson, a Selma Negro leader who was heading the marchers, made his reply directly to the Mayor:

"We are asking your Honor to permit us to march to the Courthouse. We are not registered voters but we want to be; it is our God-given constitutional right. We shall move like the children of Israel, moving toward the promised land."

The Mayor blinked. The streets were jammed with spectators. People stood on nearby rooftops. The omnipresent television cameras were trained directly on him. Newsmen shoved microphones under his nose. He was the Mayor: 35 years old, a former appliance dealer, a close political ally of Governor Wallace. It was his decision to ban any further demonstrations or marches outside of the Brown's Chapel area. And he had the heritage of the Mayor's office to uphold (one of his predecessors, ex-Mayor Chris Heinz, was the founder and head of the Alabama white Citizen's Council.) He cleared his throat, twice, and folded his slender arms in front of the dark business suit which looked like it belonged on someone a size larger. "You have had opportunity after opportunity to register your people to vote," he said.

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(The Dallas County Courthouse is open two days a month to register new voters.) "We have enforced the laws impartially . . . we expect to see our orders obeyed." The Mayor said this like a man who knows his rhetoric doesn't have to be convincing when he has several-hundred troopers with clubs in their hands waiting just up the street.

The Mayor stepped back to the sanctuary of the squad cars. The newsmen crowded in around Baker and the Rev. Anderson. "I would like to introduce some people of good will, who have some statements to make," said Anderson. "You can make all the statements you want, but you are not going to march," replied Baker. A Negro nun from St. Louis, Sister Mary Antona, was called toward the waiting microphones by the Rev. Anderson. "I feel privileged to come to Selma. I feel that every citizen has the right to vote," she said. When Anderson called a second speaker, an Episcopalian priest from Greenwich, wearing a brass-buttoned black cashmere blazer, Baker turned and walked away from the police line. "Wait, I have a statement to make to you," a minister said. "Make statements to the press. I'm not accepting any," Baker snapped back.

They did just that. The nuns, ministers, priests, rabbis, lay church leaders and the Negro leaders who made up the majority of the marchers, spoke to the press for the next ninety minutes while the youngsters in the housing project played and giggled on the sidewalks. The tremendous contingent of Confederate forces sat in their cars or stood on the road and scratched themselves, smoked cigars, drank coffee and ate sandwiches delivered in a small green pick-up truck from the Sheriff's office. There were 35 speakers, all chosen by nomination and voice vote during the meeting at Brown's Chapel, as representatives of groups from 30 states who had come to bear witness in Selma. "The symbols I see here are foreign symbols. I see a foreign flag painted on those helmets. I thought we were Americans together," said one Negro minister, the Methodist chaplain at Howard University. "One can't help thinking that there are better ways to spend the money it costs to keep all those hundreds of troopers between our humble group and the Courthouse," said Rabbi Everett Gendler of the Jewish Center at Princeton University. "We are here to share the suffering of the Negro people of Selma," said a representative of the Freedom Democratic Party of Mississippi. "The question is," he yelled over the broadcasting company microphones, covered like golf clubs with a sock of black felt to cut wind noise, and directing his words at the rows of police standing with clubs in their hands, "The question in my mind is, am I in Selma or am I in hell?"

As the speakers talked on, damning Selma with all the moral fervor at their command, it became evident that only their fellow marchers and the newsmen were listening. The spectators walked idly about on the sidewalk; children chased each other in between the rows of brick apartment buildings; the troops broke ranks, stood in small groups chatting, sipping cokes, slipping their riot helmets back to let the sun on their foreheads. Mayor Smitherman picked up one of the sandwiches and fiddled with the wax paper wrapping for a moment before he opened it. A gold wedding ring hung loosely on his finger. He looked unhappily at the crowd of demonstrators. "I don't understand it," he said. "Martin Luther King can walk into the White House any time he wants for conferences with the President, but the Mayor of Selma can't even get an appointment. I sent the President a telegram asking for a meeting, but some sort of fifth assistant answered it."

"King? Where is King?" a man asked. "He's in town," said the Mayor. "I don't know why he isn't here."

MARTIN LUTHER KING wasn't there because he was in trouble in his own movement. His absence explained the absence, also, of the usual throngs of Selma teenagers who gave life and spirit and rhythm to every mass Negro meeting in Selma, and of the tough, militant SNCC workers who had been in Selma for two years now. King wasn't there because he was afraid he would be publicly booed by his own people. The teenagers of Selma and the SNCC people weren't there because they were disgusted with King—and were tired of praying and speechmaking. They wanted to march.

Dr. King was at the home of a Selma Negro dentist, Dr. Sullivan Jackson. It was there, early Tuesday morning, that the pajama-clad Nobel Prize winner met with former Florida Governor, LeRoy Collins, now head of the Federal Community Relations Service and President Johnson's unofficial Ambassador to the Union forces. Collins had been sent by special jet from Washington to work out a compromise that would avoid repetition of Sunday's bloodshed on Tuesday afternoon, when another attempt at the march to Montgomery (this one led by Dr. King) was scheduled to cross the Edmund Pettus Bridge. A federal judge had issued a temporary restraining order against the march and Dr. King was in a quandry. His organization prided itself on never violating the law—or a court order; yet, he had pledged to lead this march (King was absent Sunday), and civil rights workers and ministers from all over the South were gathering at Brown's Chapel. They all wanted to march. Collins offered a typically Johnson compromise: He had conferred with Colonel Lingo and obtained a pledge that the marchers would be unharmed

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if they turned back a small distance down Highway 80. Lingo had even drawn a rough map, showing where the Union forces must halt. Collins handed the Confederate map to King: this way, he said, both sides would save face—and King would have a dramatic moment. King hesitated, then took the map. He sent a message to the crowd at Brown's Chapel: "I have decided it is better to die on the highway than to make a butchery of my conscience."

There was, of course, no danger of butchery. The plan worked. The marchers were halted, knelt, said a prayer and turned back. The deal became obvious to SNCC people when Colonel Lingo, in a mild Southern doublecross, pulled his troopers back, leaving the highway to Montgomery open as King rose to lead his followers in retreat to Selma. The move was meant to embarrass King and it did. King later called the second march "the greatest confrontation for freedom" in the South. The youth and the SNCC people called it a sell-out. King was accused of "betraying" the movement and collaborating with the enemy.

King's fall from favor was only momentary. The diverse elements in the Union expeditionary force were united later that week by the death of the Rev. James J. Reeb, a white Unitarian minister from Boston, who died of wounds from a night-time beating at the hands of some Selma white citizens as he left a restaurant in the Negro district. But though momentary, King's disgrace was significant because it illustrated in dramatic fashion a long-standing split in the Union leadership.

It was the same split that divided the Abolitionists in the 1850s and the 1860s over whether to support Lincoln and work within the Republican party for their goals or to continue to take outside, radical social action. It is the old polarity between action and negotiation, between politics and revolution. It is the struggle between those who would work within the Establishment and those who reject the Establishment policies of compromise and consensus, and agitate for more direct solutions. This division is evident in the methodology of the civil rights movement, from the NAACP on the right to SNCC and then the black nationalist groups on the left.

In Selma, the SNCC people, who were there first and Dr. King's SCLC, which became active in Selma early this year, are divided on certain broad goals—primary among them SNCC's support for a third, independent political party in Alabama, modelled after Mississippi's Freedom Democratic Party. SCLC would rather the Negroes register in the existing political parties. SNCC wants Selma's people to develop their own leaders; SCLC is inclined to have them follow the leadership of Dr. King, his assistant Rev. Ralph Abernathy and other SCLC officials. Despite these differences, the two Abolitionist organizations have developed an effective working organization in Selma. They realize they need each other in the jungles of the Black Belt.

The coalition dissolved—for a while—that Wednesday afternoon. Many SNCC people stayed away from the march. The Selma youth, the black *jeunesse*, took things a little more seriously. They revolted.

Black jeunesse: idealists and hipsters.

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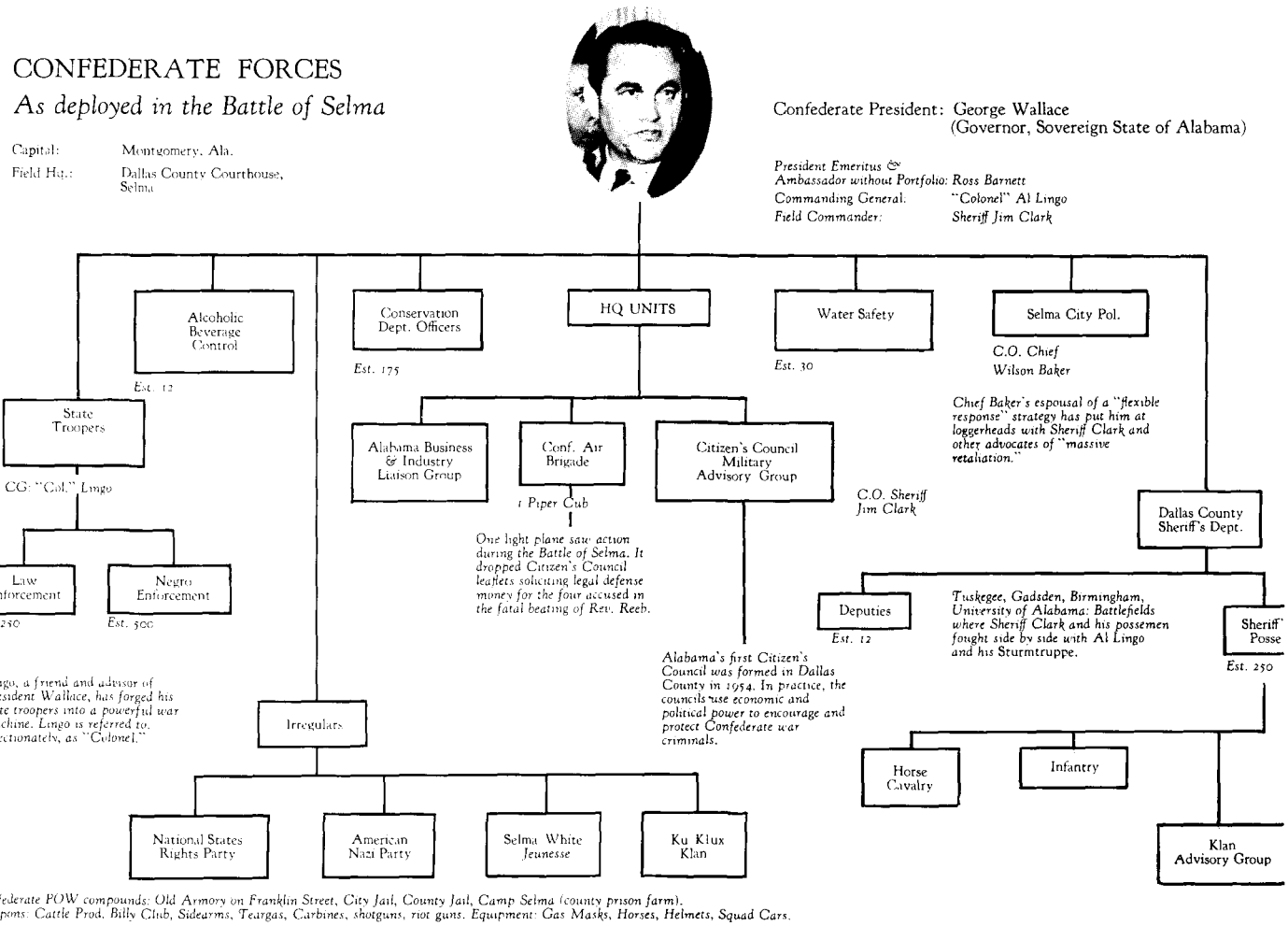
CONFEDERATE FORCES
As deployed in the Battle of Selma
Capital: Montgomery, Ala.
Field Hq.: Dallas County Courthouse, Selma
Confederate President: George Wallace (Governor, Sovereign State of Alabama)
President Emeritus & Ambassador without Portfolio: Ross Barnett
Commanding General: "Colonel" Al Lingo
Field Commander: Sheriff Jim Clark
HQ UNITS
Alcoholic Beverage Control
Est. 12
Conservation Dept. Officers
Est. 175
Water Safety
Est. 30
Selma City Pol.
C.O. Chief Wilson Baker
Chief Baker's espousal of a "flexible response" strategy has put him at loggerheads with Sheriff Clark and other advocates of "massive retaliation."
State Troopers
CG: "Col." Lingo
Alabama Business & Industry Liaison Group
Conf. Air Brigade
1 Piper Cub
One light plane saw action during the Battle of Selma. It dropped Citizen's Council leaflets soliciting legal defense money for the four accused in the fatal beating of Rev. Reeb.
Citizen's Council Military Advisory Group
C.O. Sheriff Jim Clark
Dallas County Sheriff's Dept.
Law Enforcement
Est. 250
Negro Enforcement
Est. 500
Deputies
Est. 12
Tuskegee, Gadsden, Birmingham, University of Alabama: Battlefields where Sheriff Clark and his possemen fought side by side with Al Lingo and his Sturmtruppe.
Sheriff' Posse
Est. 250
Lingo, a friend and advisor of President Wallace, has forged his state troopers into a powerful war machine. Lingo is referred to, affectionately, as "Colonel."
Alabama's first Citizen's Council was formed in Dallas County in 1954. In practice, the councils use economic and political power to encourage and protect Confederate war criminals.
Irregulars
Horse Cavalry
Infantry
National States Rights Party
American Nazi Party
Selma White Jeunesse
Ku Klux Klan
Klan Advisory Group
Confederate POW compounds: Old Armory on Franklin Street, City Jail, County Jail, Camp Selma (county prison farm).
Weapons: Cattle Prod, Billy Club, Sidearms, Teargas, Carbines, shotguns, riot guns. Equipment: Gas Masks, Horses, Helmets, Squad Cars.

THE REVOLT WAS FORMING while the demonstrators in the street finished their speeches and were told by Baker, again, that they could not march. So the ministers and the nuns and the priests and the disparate volunteers knelt on the ground and said the Lord's Prayer—the Protestant version—and then turned and walked back to Brown's Chapel, their arms locked, singing "We Shall Overcome."

Meanwhile, in the First Baptist Church a half block away at the corner of Sylvan street and Jefferson Davis Avenue, the black *jeunesse* were meeting. They decided to go to the Courthouse. Despite the leadership compliance with the city ban, in the elemental impetuosity of youth, they went.

These teenagers are the marrow in the backbone of the Selma movement. They had the staying power and the vitality that kept the demonstrations going. In all-night vigils which began Wednesday, they kept the rhythm, singing and the chanting at a level of constant vivacity that amazed veteran observers of civil rights demonstrations. These kids are a contradictory mixture of hipster and idealist; they are rebels with a cause.

The clerics, in a mildly self-congratulatory mood after their long session of denouncing the evils of Selma, settled back in the battered pews of Brown's Chapel. Suddenly, the absence of the teenagers became obvious. It was like being at a Wagnerian opera and soon realizing that the drums were gone from the orchestra. A man rushed to the front of the church with a frantic message. The ministers and priests ran outside and down Sylvan Street to where the teenagers and the police were massing ranks. They just about got there too late.

The kids made it two blocks—almost half way to the Courthouse—before an advance guard of State Troopers pulled in front of them. The Union-blue uniformed Confederates got out of their Southern gray cars and began to push the kids back down Jefferson Davis Avenue with their clubs. A few teenagers got bloody heads, and one or two got their teeth cracked. They were taken into the first-aid station in the First Baptist Church. Baker drove up in his white Chrysler. As he got out of the car, the *jeunesse*, some 300 of them, equally mixed boys and girls, were massing in the intersection, ready to charge the Confederates and run through and over

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their cars if need be to get to the Courthouse. More and more cars of city police and State Troopers pulled up on Jefferson Davis Avenue. The troops got out and made a solid phalanx across the intersection. Baker waved the press off to one side, pulled out a bull horn and told the kids to disperse. But more of them came running down the street. The youthful brigade was surging at the corner, chanting, undulating, ready for action.

The ministers, breathless, ran between the cops and the kids. With hands linked they formed a human chain in an attempt to edge the *jeunesse* backward, but the kids would have none of it and pushed against the ministers. More Confederate cars sirened up. The clerics looked worried, scared. The teenagers eyes were shining as they pushed the cordon of ministers, inch by inch, towards the Confederate lines, and sang: "Ain't gonna' let nobody turn me round, turn me round . . ."

Jimmy Webb, a short, vivacious Bible student, with green collegiate cardigan and the speaking style of a cheerleader, stood in front of the chanting youths and yelled: "You want to go to the Courthouse. I want to go to the Courthouse. We all want to go to the Courthouse. But this is not the way. Let's wait till Bevel gets here (James Bevel, the overall-clad minister with shaved head and Iranian skull cap, who heads SCLC's Alabama project) and we'll plan what to do."

One boy spit on the ground. "Plan! We were half-way to the Courthouse and some pseudo-leader stopped us and said we should regroup and plan our approach. Then the cops came. If we hadn't of planned we'd be at the Courthouse right now."

The ministers kept pushing the youths backward, their arms still locked in a solid row. The police were also in a row formation, holding their clubs out horizontally. The clerics managed to begin moving the *jeunesse* back up Sylvan Street, toward Brown's Chapel. Stragglers were shoved along by the police. "We'll go inside the chapel and talk this over," one minister said.

A young Negro boy was leaning, defeatedly, against a battered tree near the corner and in one quiet remark to a companion he expressed all the complexity and the shattered idealism of the division in the Union forces. "I don't know," he said softly. "I just dont want to go back to that church and pray some more."

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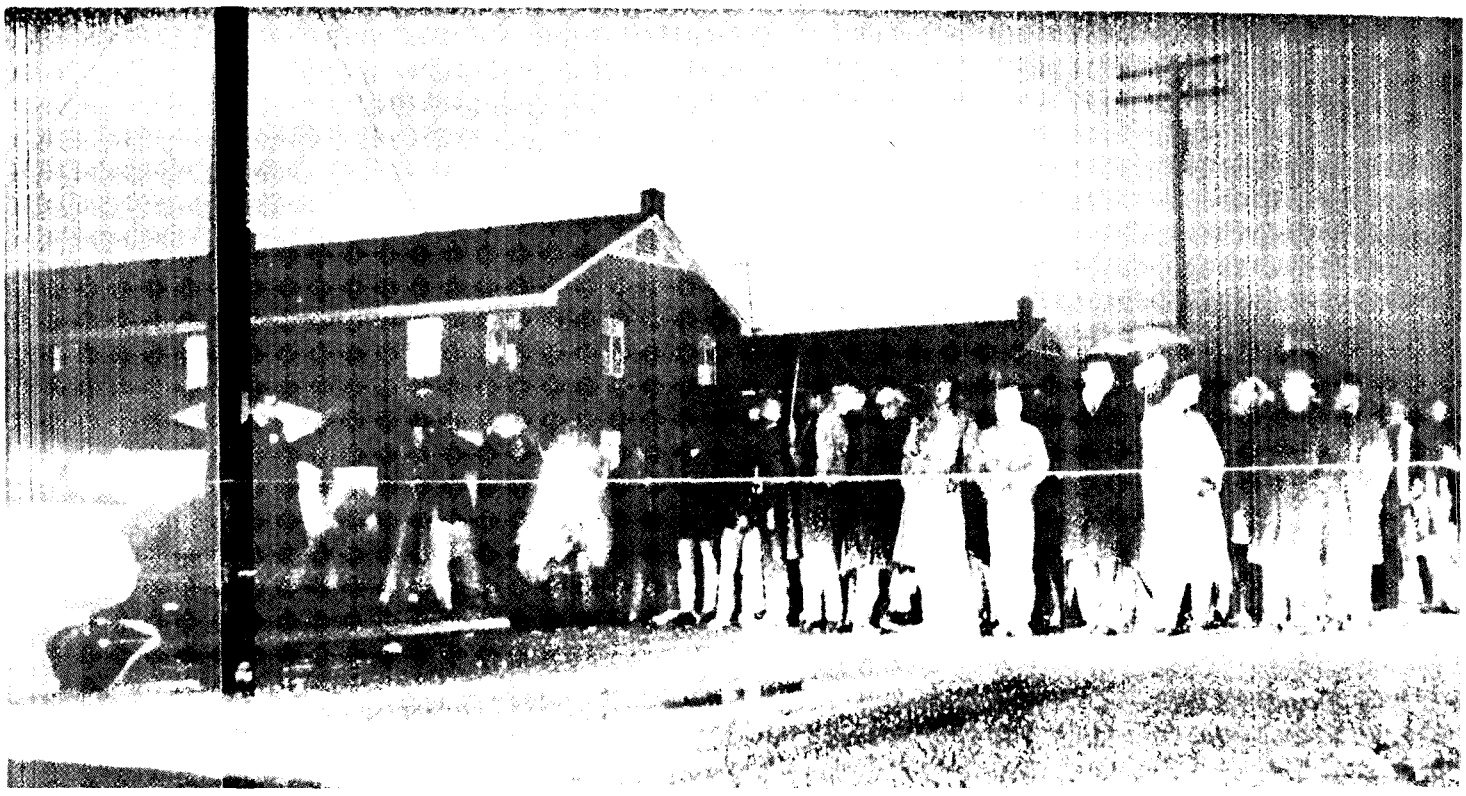

ıder the glare of troopers' headlights, Unionists stand in the rain on muddy Sylvan Street.

3. Charge of the Bible Brigade

IN ONE OF THOSE EXTRAORDINARY coincidences that can move men to memorable deeds, millions of East Coast television viewers on the evening of Sunday, March 7, saw the movie "Judgment at Nuremberg" immediately following the spectacle of troopers and possemen gassing, beating and whipping the Selma Negroes at prayer. The hideous parallel between Auschwitz and Selma was obvious, even to the insensitive. Were it not for this accident of programming, Selma, Alabama, might just have been news, but never history. The pictures from Selma were unpleasant; the juxtaposition of the Nazi Storm Troopers and the Alabama State Troopers made them unbearable. A high tide of revulsion crossed the hation that evening and by morning exceptional things were happening.

People literally rushed into the streets to express their outrage in cities from Washington, D.C., to Toronto. In Chicago, sympathetic Selma demonstrators clogged rush-hour Loop traffic; Detroit's Democratic Mayor and Michigan's Republican Governor marched together to demand Federal intervention. In Atlanta, Dr. Martin Luther King announced that he would personally lead another march on Tuesday and called for help from people of all faiths. The response from Jewish, Protestant and Catholic clerics was rapid and astonishing. Never, in the history of the United States, has organized religion collaborated to such an extent on an issue of social justice. The clergymen did not merely exhort—they led the way.

California Episcopal Bishop James Pike flew from New Orleans; Methodist Bishop John Wesley Lord from Washington; The Rev. Dr. David R. Hunter, Deputy Director of the National Council of Churches, from New York. The United Church of Christ, the Union of American Hebrew Congregations, the American Baptist Convention, the Lutheran Church in America, the Rabbinical Assembly, the Disciples of Christ, the Roman Catholic Church—all had representative delegations en route to Selma, from St. Louis and Chicago, from Cleveland and Tampa, from Los Angeles and New York.

Even more significant was the participation of hundreds of Catholic priests and nuns. Their arrival in large numbers in Selma shocked both white racists and Negroes; it also shocked some of the priests' and nuns' superiors who, when it was all over, were still wondering how it happened. Although the Catholic bishops of America have made two strong statements condemning racial prejudice, they have been slow to involve themselves or their priests in the civil rights movement. The Catholic hierarchy has tended to caution priests against getting "too involved"; in some dioceses, Los Angeles for instance, Catholic priests and nuns are forbidden to take part in civil rights demonstrations. The list of clergymen jailed and beaten in the South is long, but

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almost devoid of Catholic priests. Before Selma, a nun marching and singing "We Shall Overcome" was unthinkable.

The shock of Selma hit the Catholic hierarchy in two ways: In St. Louis, liberal Cardinal Joseph Ritter gave his blessing to priests and nuns headed for Selma. St. Louis "landed" the first contingent of demonstrating nuns in the Deep South. In Baltimore, Sister Cecilia Marie was teaching her sixth graders geography when the bell in the classroom loudspeaker tinkled. "Sister Cecilia, do you want to go to Selma?" Sister Cecilia wanted to go. She dismissed the class, walked to the convent, "took $50 of novitiate money and went."

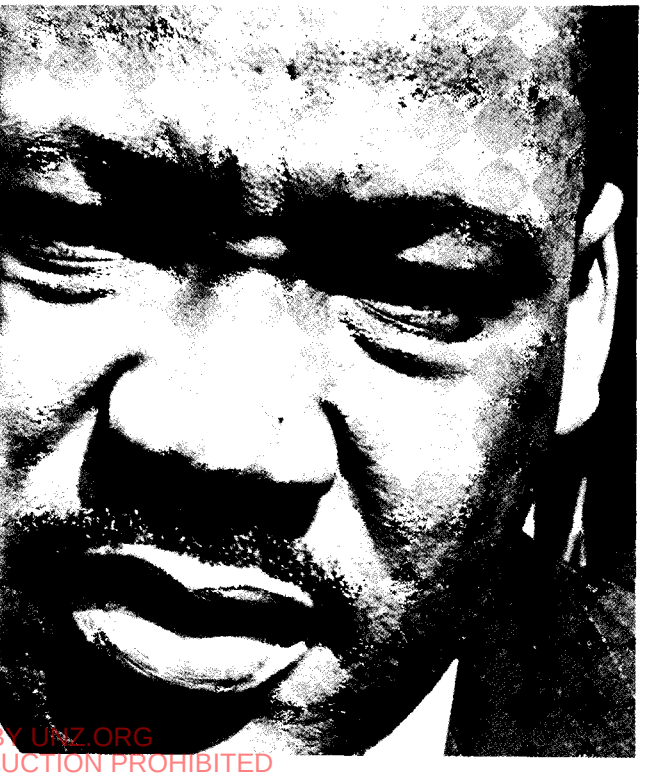
The story was different, however, in other dioceses where a combination of accidents, confusion and outside pressures operated to unleash priests who had been frustrated in their desire to demonstrate as early as Birmingham in 1963. The situation in the diocese of Washington, D.C., was typical.

ARCHBISHOP PATRICK O'BOYLE, of Washington, D.C., a conservative but realistic man, spent Monday morning weighing the problems of prudence and public relations. Many priests had telephoned his office, requesting permission to go to Selma. Nuns were calling up who wanted to picket the White House. Archbishop O'Boyle had previously forbidden nuns to participate in any demonstrations, including the March on Washington in 1963. The Archbishop himself, after some hesitation, joined that march. There he encountered John Lewis of SNCC and afterwards let it be known that he had no use for Lewis's brand of militancy. He disliked the idea of his priests being exposed to the Lewis philosophy in Selma.

On the other hand, if he denied permission to the priests, the bad publicity could be disastrous. The Council of Churches of the Greater Washington Area had chartered a plane to take Washington clerics to Selma. *The Washington Star* and the wire services had called early that morning to ask if any Catholics were going on the flight. Prudence, the Archbishop felt, might well forbid his priests going; but prudence also would allow it. He made his decision: the priests could go, providing they stay away from reporters and from SNCC; the nuns could picket, "just this once," if their superiors approved.

Many Catholic priests were happily amazed. They rushed to the airport hoping to take off before something happened to change the situation. Some priests didn't even stop to pack a bag. Their concern was prescient. The subtle pressures of church politics quickly built up resistance to the Selma adventure. Conservative prelates objected. It was pointed out to Bishop O'Boyle's aide, Auxiliary Bishop John S. Spence, that Bishop Thomas J. Toolen of Mobile (whose diocesean area includes Selma), was in Washington and nobody had even *asked* him his opinion. (Bishop Toolen's opinion would not be difficult to predict. He is a Southern bishop. Priests in his diocese do not take part in racial demonstrations.) The Auxiliary Bishop frantically told a secretary to call the airport and stop the Washington priests. But the secretary deliberately scrambled the phone call and the plane left—the Catholics aboard. No attempt was made to bring them back. When word of rescinding the permission leaked out, priests who had not yet left didn't answer their telephones. They all made it to Selma. (When the priests returned, Archbishop O'Boyle congratulated them; if he were younger, he said, he would have considered going himself. At the same time, the nuns who had been picketing in Washington were "strongly urged" by Auxiliary Bishop Spence not to participate in a Sunday memorial service for the murdered Rev. James Reeb. This was a reversion to form, in a diocese where Auxiliary Bishop Philip M. Hannan wrote a congratulatory note to Dr. Klaus Herrmann of American University for his insights into SNCC. Dr. Herrmann had told students that SNCC was Communist-infiltrated and "substantially under control of the Communist party." Bishop Hannan wrote Dr. Herrmann: "I regret the delay in heartily congratulating you upon your wise action in counselling the students concerning the SNCC. Your action was wise and courageous. God bless you." Such are the vagaries of hierarchical politics.)

The clergymen who got to Selma early Monday night got their first exposure to what they considered radicalism. Many of them didn't like it. Mario Savio, the rebel leader at the University of California at Berkeley, his bushy head popping in and out of the pews in Brown's Chapel, talked to demonstrators, agitating for more forceful action the next day. Some of the clerics—



Union President Martin Luther King, Jr.

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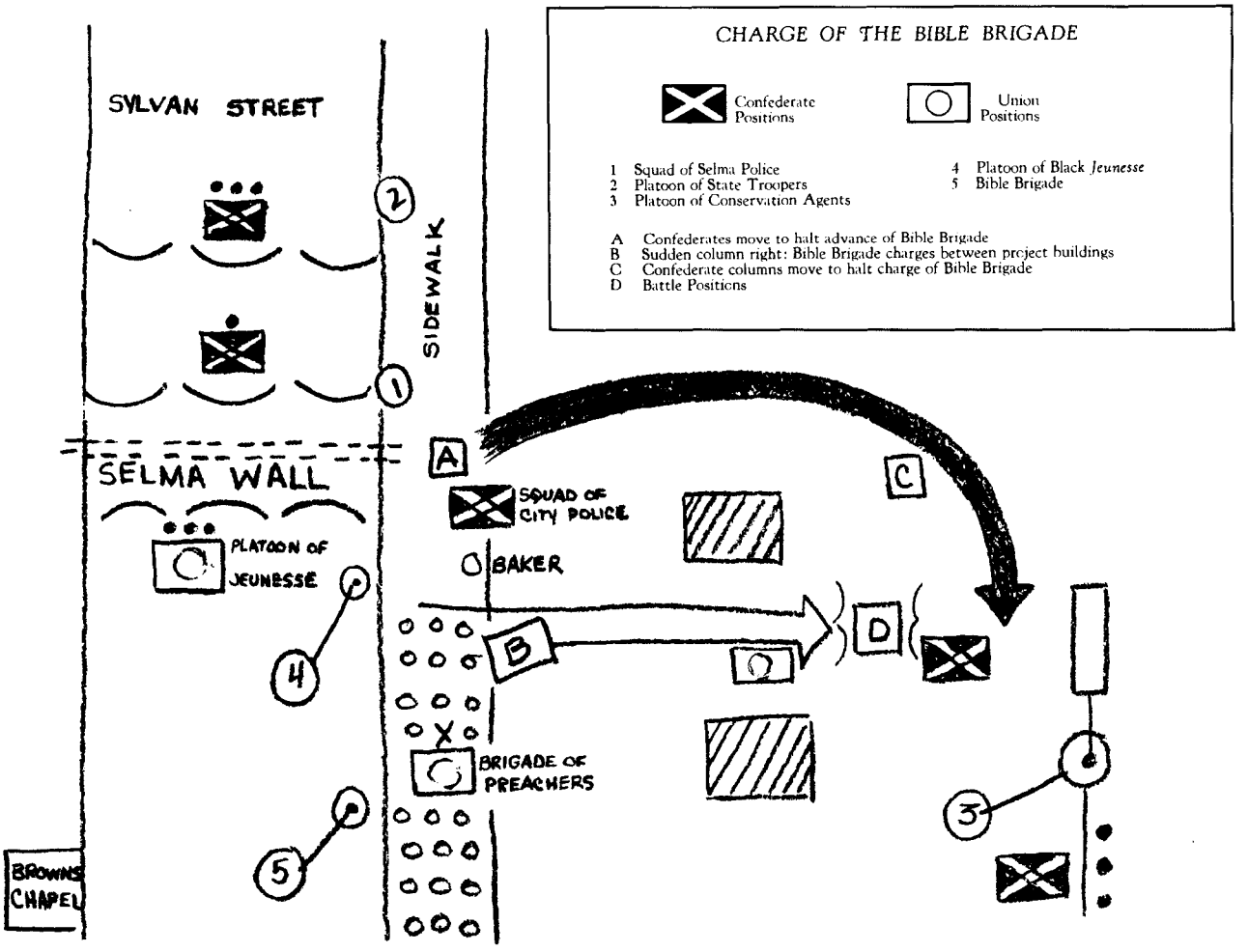
Protestants, Catholics and Jews—became concerned. They had come to Selma to help Martin Luther King, but wanted nothing to do with Mario Savio. They sent a spokesman to one of King's lieutenants who assured them that King would be calling the shots. They seemed greatly relieved. Yet these same men, by Saturday, after five frustrating days of facing the Confederate forces, were to develop an elemental radicalism of their own.

THE RAINS CAME to Selma on Thursday. It was the second day of The Vigil—a vigil maintained day and night in Sylvan Street for the dying minister from Boston who had come to Selma, like all the others, to give witness to the justice of the Negro cause. Confederate troops blocked off both ends of Sylvan Street on Wednesday afternoon. The Union forces were entrapped in the ghetto and they elected to camp on Sylvan Street, day and night, playing a waiting game with the Confederate leadership.

As the sky darkened into dusk the downfall became heavy and cold. The umbrellas, cardboard boxes and newspapers that protected the demonstrators came down, replaced by a makeshift tent of canvas and watertight tarpaulins. The supporting poles protruded from the mass of black and white humanity huddled together for warmth in the muddy street. As the final strains of light played out, the Alabama sky appeared a deep, heavy purple that moved down to smother the wet red brick buildings of the project. Selma police had strung an ordinary household clothesline across Sylvan Street several hundred yards up from Brown's Chapel. This was the point, dubbed the "Selma Wall" by the *jeunesse*, beyond which the demonstrators could not move. The *jeunesse* troubadours sang impromptu songs to the thin strip of cotton hemp. Among them, to the tune of Jericho:

> *"A clothesline is a Berlin Wall,*
> *Berlin Wall, Berlin Wall,*
> *A clothesline is a Berlin Wall,*
> *In Selma, Alabam'."*

Rev. Reeb died that night of massive head injuries. When news of his death came to Sylvan Street, a low moan went through the crowd. It could be heard outside the tent, through the heavy rains, by the Confederate forces sitting in their cars on the other side of the rope.


CHARGE OF THE BIBLE BRIGADE
Confederate Positions
Union Positions
1 Squad of Selma Police
2 Platoon of State Troopers
3 Platoon of Conservation Agents
4 Platoon of Black Jeunesse
5 Bible Brigade
A Confederates move to halt advance of Bible Brigade
B Sudden column right: Bible Brigade charges between project buildings
C Confederate columns move to halt charge of Bible Brigade
D Battle Positions
SYLVAN STREET
SIDEWALK
SELMA WALL
SQUAD OF CITY POLICE
PLATOON OF JEUNESSE
BAKER
BRIGADE OF PREACHERS
BROWNS CHAPEL

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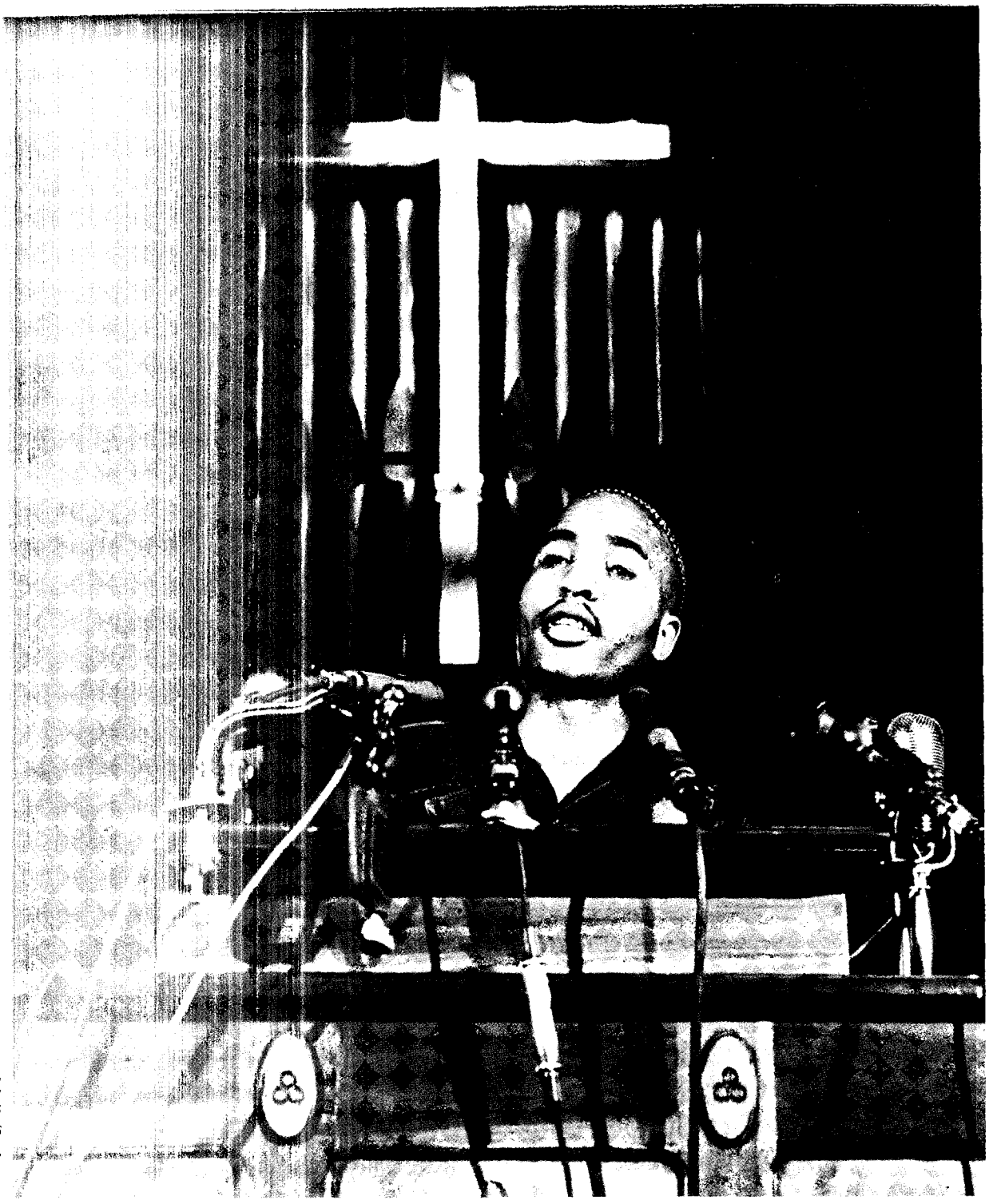

fore a lighted oss, SCLC's Bevel speaks wn's Chapel.

Killed in Action: The Rev. James J. Reeb, second fatality of The Battle of Selma. If some of the clergymen had begun to wonder why they were there, on a wet, unpaved street in Alabama, standing under an absurd-looking shelter, facing the steady headlights of a solid wall of police cars extending for blocks, they had their answer in the anguished cry of pain and fellowship coming from the Negroes. A man of God, a white man, had died trying to help them. There, in a moan, was the Gospel; and this—the reality of wet shoes and cold feet, black and white hands clasped together, bodies clinging to each other for warmth—this was giving witness.

The encampment continued through the night and round-the-clock through Friday and Saturday and Sunday. Finally, on Monday, by a federal judge's order, the Confederate cars pulled back and the Union forces marched to the Courthouse.

The rains stopped Saturday, and the clergymen who had spent two days staring down the Confederate forces decided to end the waiting game. At a mass meeting in the First Baptist Church, they voted to advance to the Courthouse. The Bible Brigade was ready to charge.

A Negro in a green Army parka shouted instructions

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to the Union force of 300 assembled at the Selma Wall: "Only marchers in this line; everybody else get off the street."

The demonstrators tensed up. The advance line of Confederate forces moved in closer. Baker picked up the radiophone in his white Chrysler and called for more troops. Mayor Smitherman, looking nervous, blinked at the organizing Union forces. He chewed gum and fumbled with a cigarette. The city, in a sudden burst of public relations consciousness, had distributed to newsmen a copy of a sympathetic telegram sent to Mrs. Reeb from the Selma City Council. It was a nice telegram and the Mayor was worried that the press would ignore it if the Union forces charged over the Selma Wall.

The Confederate forces were lining up several men deep across Sylvan street, ready for a frontal attack, unprepared for the flanking movement the crafty clergymen were about to attempt. Some 80 Catholic priests, 12 nuns, and 30 ministers and rabbis, walking three deep, came marching down the housing project sidewalk. Baker saw the Bible Brigade approaching and rushed to block the charge. Five policemen ran with him.

AT THE HEAD of the black-garbed brigade was one of King's generals, the Rev. C. T. Vivian, and Father John Cavanaugh, former Notre Dame University President. Vivian, a short man with a small mustache and a long brown over-coat, took the offensive. He called a halt to the long line of clerics and nuns and hailed Baker. "We wish to go to the Courthouse and pay homage to our fallen brethren. Do you recant of the opportunity of letting ministers go to pray?"

Baker planted his 250-pound frame firmly on the sidewalk. "You do not have a permit to parade."

"Mr. Baker," Vivian said, "You have three choices: you can let us pass or you can beat us or you can arrest us, but we are going to go on."

Baker didn't get a chance to answer. Vivian swerved on one foot and abruptly the brigade did a column right and jogged doubletime between the brick apartment houses. Confederates leaped out of their cars. Baker and his men dashed down a back street, and came abreast of the charging clergymen in a small clearing between the rectangular apartment buildings.

Baker and Vivian found themselves face to face. Vivian tried to push forward; the priests around him pushed against policemen; the policemen pushed back. There were yells and oaths and the sounds of scuffling feet. Baker was outraged. "Stop pushing me," he yelled at Vivian, his strong voice loud so the crowd could hear. "A man of God pushing me. I can't believe it. A minister defying the law. A man of God committing violence."

Vivian ran to the right, attempting to duck between another row of buildings, the clerics moving *en masse* behind him. Again police cut them off. There was more scuffling. "Put on record that the violence here was by the ministers," Baker snapped at the throng of newsmen who crowded into the small housing project garden area. A nun reached up and tapped a burly trooper on the shoulder. "The flowers," she said, "you're standing all over these poor people's flowers."

A Soil Conservation company moved into position on Lawrence Street, directly behind the project. State Troopers stood rows deep on each side of the clearing. City police moved in from the rear. The Bible Brigade was surrounded.

The clergymen stopped moving forward. They lined up and held an impromptu prayer service for Rev. Reeb. The second story windows of the project buildings were jammed with women and children looking out at the strange confrontation in their yard. Cameramen scrambled to rooftop vantage points.

Vivian told the clergymen to face down the Confederates blocking the path. Baker ordered newsmen out of the area. "I declare this to be an unlawful assembly," he said. "If it is not disbanded in 60 seconds, I will arrest Vivian." Vivian exploded into Baker's face: "You would arrest a Negro, but not a white. This is an example of your racism. Why else would you arrest a Negro? If one of us is wrong, all of us are wrong. This is the injustice of Alabama."

Baker looked bemusedly at Vivian. The clergymen began to chant "All of us, all go, all go, arrest us all." They locked arms and stood their ground.

Baker laughed. "Oh no," he said. "Not all of you. I'm not going to arrest all these priests." Again Vivian berated him. "You're putting on a good show, Vivian, but you're not faking me," Baker said. He ordered his policemen to turn their backs on the Bible Brigade. The confrontation settled into a standoff. The nuns and the ministers sang "We Shall Overcome" and "Glory, Glory Hallelujah." A band of *jeunesse* joined the clerics and sang "Ain't gonna let Captain Baker turn me round, turn me round." Baker winked at Vivian; the minister smiled back. Thirty minutes later, the Bible Brigade disbanded, retreating to Brown's Chapel. It was not, however, a moment of goodwill. As the Confederate forces pulled back, one of the green-clad Soil Conservation Officers said to a comrade: "Boy, would I like to beat the head in of one of those agitating nuns."

A week later, a lone picket paraded in front of St. Patrick's Cathedral in Manhattan. He carried a sign that said: "How can Catholic priests defy a police line? How can they disobey the law?"

In the unreal world of Selma, Alabama, it seemed very reasonable for men of God to break the law of man.

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View from the bridge: Selma, as seen from across the Alabama Ri

4. The Infiltration

"We are on the one yard line . . . do we let the Negroes go over for a touchdown . . . or do we raise the Confederate flag as did our forefathers and tell them, 'You shall not pass'?"

—Eugene "Bull" Connor,
to the Selma white Citizen's Council.

THE GOON WITH THE PAINT-CAN laughed a lot as he sprayed green paint on the white girl's hair. He was aiming toward her neck, trying to get the paint to run down inside her blouse, when the spray faltered and then stopped. He shook the can and pressed hard on the button, but it was out of air. The container made an empty clatter as it hit the sidewalk.

Negroes were there—many of them—but they made dull targets. You could get a nigger anytime. But here was a white girl, cowering with the small group of Negroes against the plate glass window of the Selma Chevrolet Agency. She was irresistible. Her green-spattered hair now matched the face of a little Negro girl, the goon's second victim. Now he was opening a can of black motor oil, to darken the white girl's legs. That was what she deserved, coming uptown on a Saturday afternoon with all those niggers.

The Chevrolet Agency is on Lauderdale Street, next to the Dallas County Courthouse. It was a very bad place to be for the 17 Negroes and the white SNCC girl. They had infiltrated uptown from Sylvan Street in twos and threes, regrouped several blocks from the Courthouse, marching triumphantly the rest of the way. But possemen moved in and prodded them with clubs towards the auto agency.

Over 100 white citizens of Selma stood on the sidewalk opposite them, silent, staring, abrasive. After months of demonstrations, and the long, frustrating week of rebellion on Sylvan Street, the hourglass measure of patience of these people had played out. It was the talk of the town: the police were getting soft. They weren't doing their job. They weren't cracking Negroes' heads. It was a mob reaction.

The goon was joined by several compatriots on the

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perimeter of the small band of infiltrators, now kneeling in prayer on the grease-stained concrete. The gathering mob across Lauderdale Street looked on, morbid.

Brown-shirted sheriff's deputies, led by Chief Deputy L. C. Crocker, stalked up. A deputy shoved his club under the throat of a young Negro girl and the group stopped praying. The warring command posts of Wilson Baker and Jim Clark have a status of forces agreement in Selma: the Courthouse was in the Sheriff's domain. That was why it was a very bad place for the Negroes and the white girl.

The goon and his friends listened intently to the dialogue between Crocker and King's assistant, 18-year-old Jimmy Webb. They liked what they heard.

Webb asked the Chief Deputy to escort the small group through the hostile streets of downtown Selma, back to Sylvan Street.

"I'm not going to give you any protection," Crocker answered. It was late afternoon. Soon it would be dark. The whites smiled.

Webb pressed the Chief Deputy on the issue of equal justice under the law—and prayer. "I don't have to pray for anybody I don't wanta'," Crocker said.

"You've got to learn to love before you can pray," the white girl with the green hair said to Crocker.

His head snapped up. "You just pray for your little niggers—and you leave me alone."

One white, giant slug of a man stood almost in the center of the little group. His head craned slowly back and forth between Crocker and Webb. As he made a studious effort to follow the conversation, he whistled mean and low.

"I can't do anything for you," Crocker said. "I don't have enough men to provide protection. If anything happens to you, fill out a form and file a complaint and then we'll look into it. And I'm not going to block you off or arrest you. I'm just going to leave you here and let you fend for yourself."

The Chief Deputy and his assistants turned their backs and walked away, leaving the infiltrators to the townspeople of Selma.

More whites moved in to reinforce the goon and his friends. At the intersection, a patrol of Selma's white *jeunesse*—tough kids from the white high school, complete with sideburns and razor cuts—pulled up in an open convertible. The sidewalk line of whites stretched from corner to corner.

"I'm going to take that little nigger over there to the barbers and give him a haircut—right down to his neck," said one of the whites. "What do you want, freedom?" You black pig asses got more freedom than you deserve," said the goon.

It was a very tense moment.

SUDDENLY, A WHITE CHRYSLER stopped in the middle of the street. Wilson Baker got out. He pushed his way into the center of the quiet band of infiltrators. He looked very worried.

Webb asked Baker for protection. The Public Safety Director looked at the line of whites across the street. Then he looked at the loose circle of toughs forming around the Negroes.

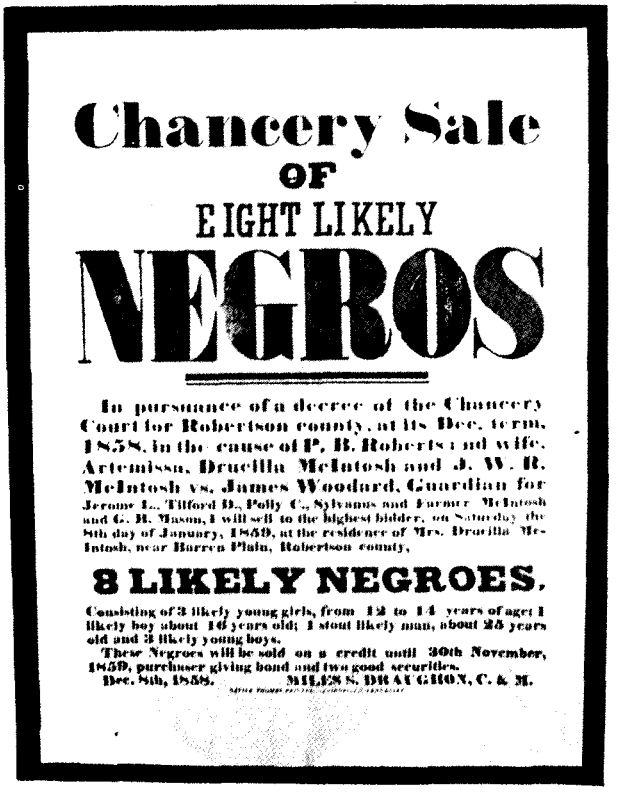
"I don't know how I'm going to give you protection," he said. "I will try to get you back to the rest of your group and you'll have protection there." Baker told them to walk to the corner, quickly, and turn right onto the street that led through town, back to the housing project.

The infiltrators held a conference. They were young and indecisive. They had come this far, got all the way uptown. Now they didn't know what to do. "Maybe we should stay here and pray," one boy suggested.

Come on," Baker said. "For Christ's sake get *out* of here." His urgent tones startled the patrol. Then, for the first time, they realized the dimensions of the white crowd across the street; they understood the meaning of the goon with the spray can. They were scared. They moved awkwardly down the sidewalk and began to sing, weakly, hesitantly, "We Shall Overcome."

Baker ignored the whites. He didn't say one word to them. But his presence silenced them. The goon and his friends followed on the heels of the retreating infiltrators. The mob across the street moved also. People who had been watching from parked cars started their engines. The white punks in the open convertible double-

Negroes for sale—1858.



Chancery Sale
OF
EIGHT LIKELY
NEGROS

In pursuance of a decree of the Chancery Court for Robertson county, at its Dec. term, 1858, in the cause of P. B. Roberts and wife, Artemissa, Drucilla McIntosh and J. W. B. McIntosh vs. James Woodard, Guardian for Jerome L., Tilford D., Polly C., Sylvanus and Farmer McIntosh and C. B. Mason, I will sell to the highest bidder, on Saturday the 8th day of January, 1859, at the residence of Mrs. Drucilla McIntosh, near Barren Plain, Robertson county,

8 LIKELY NEGROES,

Consisting of 3 likely young girls, from 12 to 14 years of age; 1 likely boy about 16 years old; 1 stout likely man, about 25 years old and 3 likely young boys.

These Negroes will be sold on a credit until 30th November, 1859, purchaser giving bond and two good securities.

Dec. 8th, 1858. MILES S. DRAUGHON, C. & M.

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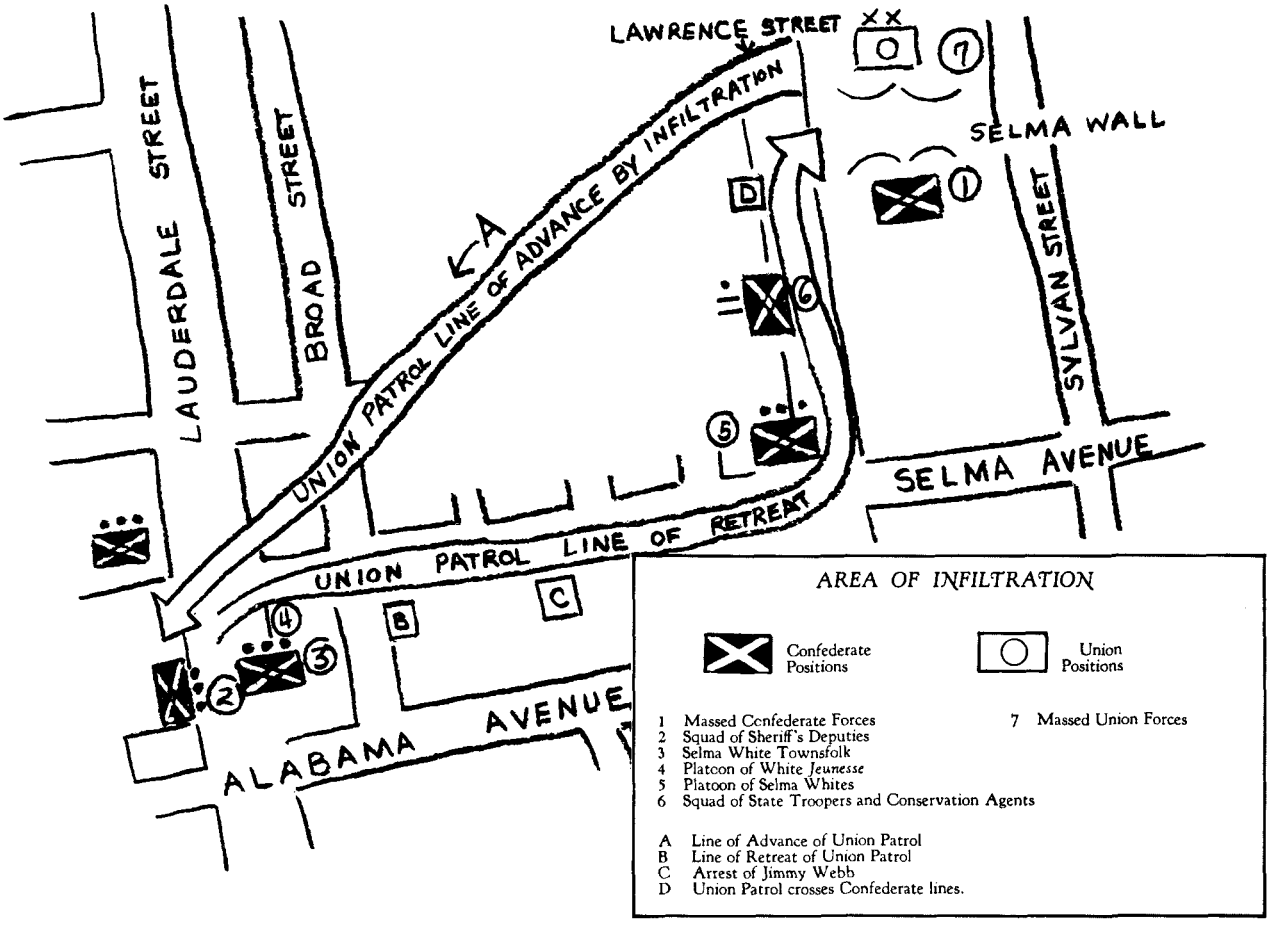

parked where the infiltrators would have to pass. "*Come on*," said the patrol's one-man escort, "move faster."

The Negroes and the white girl, still indecisive, slowed down. They took short, casual steps, like they were window shopping. Baker urged them: "I don't have all day. You know what's going to happen to you if I leave you here alone."

Still, the infiltrators moved devilishly slow, back toward Sylvan Street. The group of whites walking behind them was larger now. A long line of cars, led by the white *jeunesse*, kept apace on the street.

The unreal procession passed a Selma billiard parlor. The whites inside pressed angrily against the window—their faces gargoyles of hatred. They were shocked and furious to see Negroes uptown in a group. Some of the players put on their coats and rushed outside to join the white mob.

Beads of perspiration came to Baker's forehead. "Please, move on . . . you know these cars behind you are unsafe."

SATURDAY SHOPPERS WERE EN ROUTE HOME. Their cars slowed down as they passed the Negroes. A woman cursed. Hate stares abounded—from the passing cars, from people in parked cars. Still, the infiltrators moved sluggishly, taunting the whites, testing them, teasing Baker.

Finally, the even-tempered Public Safety Director lost his composure. He threw up his hands. "All right, I've done all I can. If you want this trouble, I just can't keep you from it." He stepped into the street and hailed the white Chrysler that had been driven alongside by an aide. He got in and the car sped away.

The white *jeunesse* in the convertible raced up, parallel to the Negroes. The punks who were walking behind closed in, menacing, insulting. "Marchin' the cows back home." "Bunch of brown-nosed niggers, makes me sick." One white teenager ran up behind a frightened Negro and hit him, hard, on the head. Another sent a fast kick toward the groin of a small Negro boy. The goon with the motor oil threw a rock at the white girl's neck. A block behind, a mob about 50 strong closed in.

But Baker came back. He had changed his mind. He knew that only he could save the infiltrators. "Knock it off," he yelled at the whites. He was angry with the white punks, even angrier with the snail-paced Negroes.

Jimmy Webb, who was setting the provocative pace, sneered at Baker's exhortations to hurry. "We can take a leisurely walk if we want to," he needled.

More brawny teenagers joined the young whites in the open car. They sat on the trunk, grinning, watching. A white punk on a motorcycle joined the caravan.

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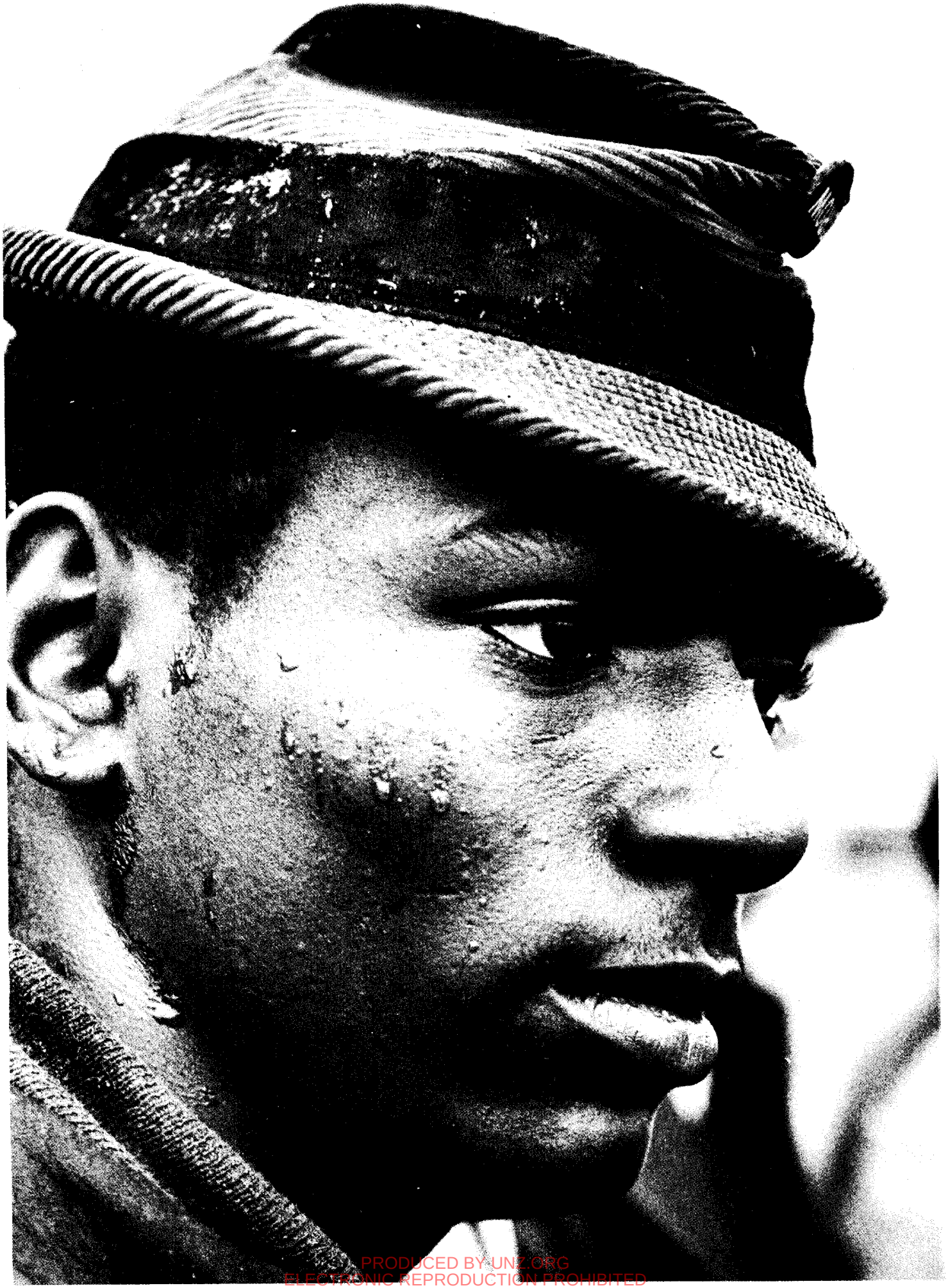

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Webb halted the infiltrators at a corner. "Let's take our time crossing." This was too much for Baker. "Are you trying to get these kids killed?" he asked. Then he grabbed Webb's green cardigan and motioned the Chrysler over to the curb. Webb was shoved inside. "You're under arrest, Jimmy. You can take your time going to jail." The project was still two blocks away.

The infiltrators balked at the corner. "We won't move until Jimmy is released," the girl with the green hair said. Baker grabbed her arm firmly, and took her across the street. Then he hustled the next Negro across the intersection. A detective began to grab the Negroes and rush them across the street. He started roughing them up. Baker touched his arm, motioned for him to take it easy.

The back entrance to the project was now a half block away, and the mob, fearful of losing its prey, moved almost on top of the young Negroes. Baker begged them to keep moving. They faltered, disorganized, drifting aimlessly toward the project. One of the whites kicked a Negro girl in the back.

Baker's face was taut. He was thoroughly exasperated with the Negroes. "You can't do anything when you're dealing with fools." The retreating group hesitated to cross over to Lawrence Street, which runs in back of the project. The white punks raced by in their open convertible, making obscene gestures at the Negroes.

Another mob—about fifteen hard-faced, rough white men were grouped in front of a grocery store near the Lawrence Street corner. They shouted threats as the infiltrators walked by—some of them shook their fists and ran up to the Negroes. "So you want to mix with the white folks."

"Don't you know enough to stay where you belong?"

"You'll get your freedom at the bottom of a river." This was the first time that week a mob of whites gathered outside the project; it was a bad sign.

The town was in an ugly mood.

Confederate forces encircled the entire housing project. A solid line of State Troopers and Conservation Agents parted, allowing the infiltrators to enter the sanctuary of Sylvan Street. Once inside the project, the Negroes broke into a run, rushing to tell their friends about their exciting patrol.

Baker's relief was visible. His shoulders dropped an inch. He looked very tired. Norris McNamara, a *Time* photographer who had been covering the Selma demonstrations for many weeks, went up to him. "Mr. Baker, that was a very decent thing you just did."

Baker looked at the photographer. He was surprised and a little embarrassed at the compliment.

"The niggers don't appreciate it," he said.

Selma Public Safety Director, Wilson Baker.

DECLAN HAUN: BLACK STAR

forces stand in in, tired, cold, y—waiting.

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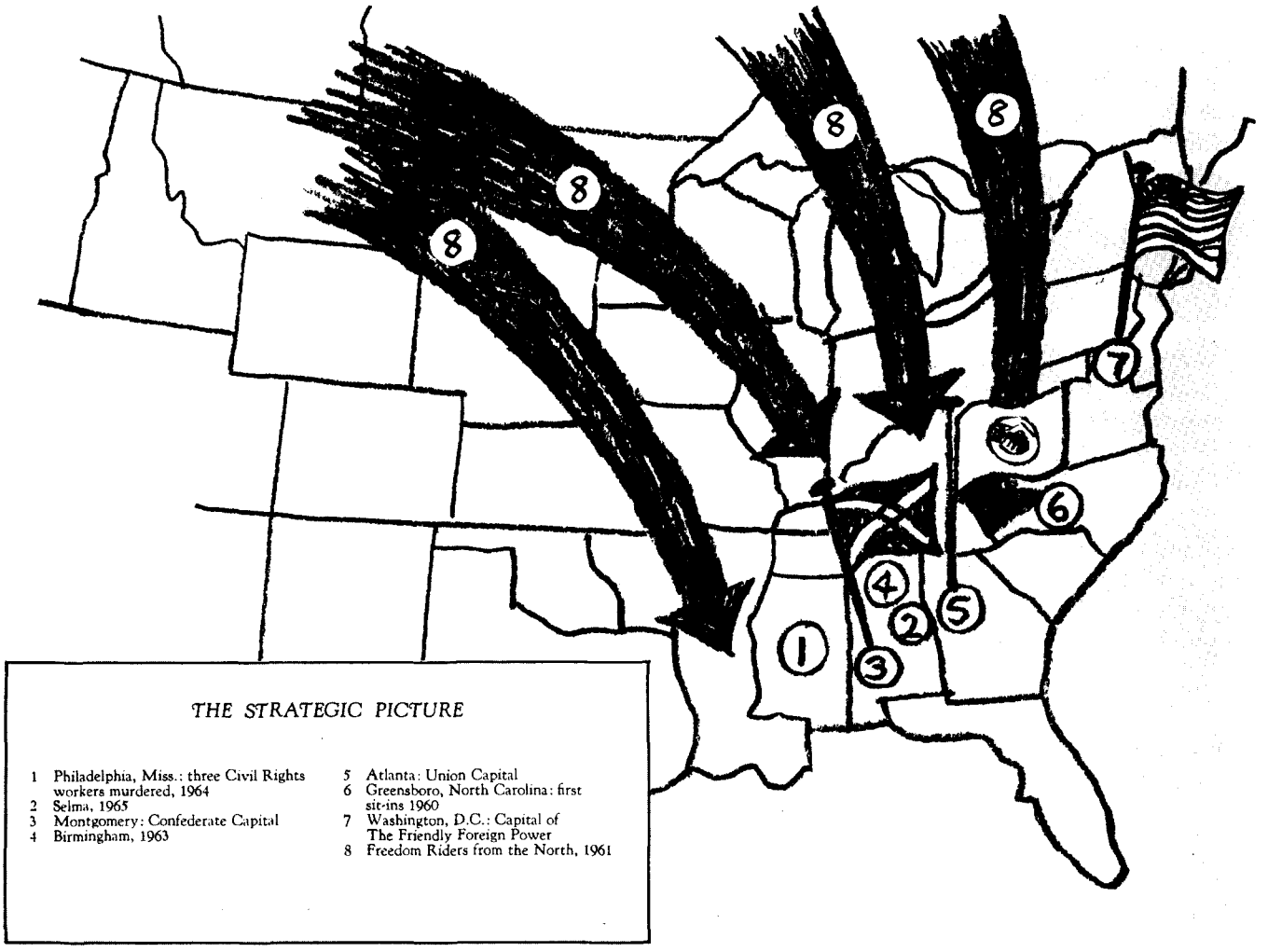

THE STRATEGIC PICTURE

1 Philadelphia, Miss.: three Civil Rights workers murdered, 1964
2 Selma, 1965
3 Montgomery: Confederate Capital
4 Birmingham, 1963
5 Atlanta: Union Capital
6 Greensboro, North Carolina: first sit-ins 1960
7 Washington, D.C.: Capital of The Friendly Foreign Power
8 Freedom Riders from the North, 1961

5. SHADOW BRIGADE

FROM THE WINDOW of the U.S. Attorney's office in Selma, on the third floor of the gray-stone Federal Building, observers representing the United States of America have an excellent view of the Dallas County Courthouse across the street.

It was from these windows that FBI agents, as long ago as October 1963, watched as Sheriff Clark's deputies beat and arrested two Negroes for taking food and water to friends who had been standing all day in line in the vain hope of registering to vote.

And from these windows, beginning January 18, 1965, observers from the United States Department of Justice witnessed the blatant, triumphant and brutal violation of the constitutional rights of some 3,000 Selma Negroes who were cursed, beaten, spit upon, kicked and arrested by officials of Dallas County, Alabama. Their "crime" was their pitiful attempt to gain the franchise to vote.

The laws of the United States of America give power to federal officers to make immediate arrests when, in their presence, a person's right to vote is abridged or a person seeking to fulfill that right is intimidated.

Yet, despite the bloody view from the Federal Building in Selma, no arrests were made. Instead, the federal representatives remained in the strict role of observers, —watching, taking notes, transmitting horror stories to Washington—remaining in the background just like the observers of a "friendly foreign power" should in a country that is experiencing serious internal strife.

In terms of direct intervention by Washington, Selma might just as well have been Switzerland. The Negroes who were being beaten and kicked for trying to vote asked only that Washington act in Selma as it had acted in Saigon. After all, they said, Selma was closer to home.

But Washington remained distant. A few more observers were sent to Selma, work was begun on a new Civil Rights Bill and Attorney General Nicholas deB. Katzenbach explained to a *New York Times* reporter

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why the government could not send a platoon of Federal Marshals to Selma: This would be possible, Katzenbach said, only if Washington had "three or four days notice" of what was going to happen and assurance that the Marshals would be needed for "not longer than seven or eight days." It is not recorded whether Mr. Katzenbach subsequently requested Sheriff Clark and Colonel Lingo, as Southern gentlemen, to do the honorable thing and inform Washington four days in advance the next time they planned to gas and beat Negroes.

Katzenbach also said that he "hoped and prayed" the Washington government would not have to grant the urgent requests from the Union forces to send federal troops into Selma. Sending troops, Katzenbach said, was a "very serious step." He said the primary job of law enforcement "rests and should rest with the local authorities." Local authorities like Sheriff Jim Clark and Colonel Al Lingo.

When the Union cause was abandoned in the South toward the end of Reconstruction, the Confederacy was left free to have "local authorities" regulate Negroes as they saw fit, regardless of the law of the rest of the land. That law, administered by Southern officials, becomes something entirely different in Albany, Georgia than it is in Albany, New York.

But the Attorney General, unlike his predecessor Robert Kennedy, did not deny that the Federal Government had sufficient powers to intervene to protect the life and limb and American citizenship rights of Negroes in Confederate States. Katzenbach came right out and said the government had the powers, all right. But he said it didn't want to use them.

Meanwhile, President Johnson was busy running the war 5000 miles away and didn't hear the battle cries at home. Only after *Bloody Sunday*, March 7, did the fact that the South was at war again assume a measure of reality for him.

The fifth—and in many ways, the most significant of the Battles of Selma—was the campaign that was waged to align the "Shadow Brigade"—the might of the "friendly foreign power" in Washington—on the Union side.

It was a battle that was fought on many fronts.

The Selma Front

THE MAIN FRONT, OF COURSE, WAS SELMA. The Union forces there knew exactly what they were doing: they were creating a crisis; they were capturing the imagination of the country; they were reviving the sagging momentum of the civil rights movement. But most of all, they were asking Washington to act.

The plaintive requests for action—for legislation, for troops to break up the conspiracy against freedom maintained in the Confederacy—came out of Selma in many ways: from the diminutive nun, her habit crowned with a makeshift cellophane rain bonnet, who kicked up her sensible black walking shoes in a demure gesture of defiance as she chanted "We want freedom, we want free-dom," from the enthusiastic Negro *jeunesse*, who stood in the rain for three days and two nights serenading the Confederate forces; from the elderly rabbi who stared in disbelief at the block-upon-block of Alabama police cars massed at Sylvan Street saying over and over to himself, like a cantor in the Synagogue, "Insane, insane . . ."; from Cager Lee, the 82-year-old grandfather of the murdered Jimmy Lee Jackson, who walked in the front line with Dr. Martin Luther King, Jr. on the Great March to Montgomery, and said "Yes, it was worth the boy's dyin' "; from Mrs. James Reeb, who stood bravely in front of a battery of microphones in the Birmingham hospital where her husband had died and told the Southern reporters that the cause of equality was so important, that if her husband had to die for it, she accepted his death.

The Altar Front

THE FIFTH BATTLE OF SELMA was fought also from the pews and pulpits of the nation. Not all clergymen came to Selma, but there were few in those black days of shock and crisis after *Bloody Sunday* who did not talk about it. Many of the ministers and priests and rabbis who went to Alabama found themselves surprised at their own militancy. Even more surprising, perhaps, was the very tough talk in the sermons and statements of clerics across the country. They thought Selma was inexcusable. They thought the Federal Government should be doing something about it. They said so. The prayers and the petitions, for the most part, weren't directed against Governor Wallace. They were directed to Lyndon Johnson. They demanded action.

One of the gentlest of the Negro leaders in Washington, a holy man, gave a measure of the new militance when he said grimly, upon hearing that the Rev. Reeb had died: "If the President and the Attorney General had done what we asked them to and sent marshals to Selma on Monday, Jim Reeb would have been walking safe on the highway to Montgomery. I can't help saying it, they're partly responsible for his death. Not just Wallace."

Two ministerial delegations arrived at President Johnson's oval office to demand that troops be sent to Alabama. They were blunt in their questioning and scornful of many of the President's answers. Johnson, shocked by their militance, took to reading them passages from his old civil rights speeches to show he really

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was on the Negroes' side. The clergymen went away openly dissatisfied.

Young ministers and priests were outspokenly skeptical of Johnson's new voting bill. They questioned the willingness of the Administration to face down, with force if necessary, the "wicked exercise of fascist power" in Alabama, in enforcing the bill. One minister made the analogy to last year's Civil Rights Bill: "The new Civil Rights Law lets a black man get a room in a motel—so he can lie awake all night and wonder when the bomb is going off."

Clergymen who had been to Selma returned to their pulpits to tell their fascinated congregations bleak stories of brutality—and inspiring tales of human dedication. Through all the sermons and the prayers ran one constant theme: brave people are bearing witness, why isn't the government doing what is necessary to protect them? Administration officials, visited by irate clerics, found themselves on the defensive. And President Johnson, for the first time, found himself under attack from the pulpits. Typical was the comment of Dr. Duncan Howlett of All Souls Unitarian Church in Washington, D.C., a church where the Rev. Reeb was once assigned. Dr. Howlett blasted Johnson for meeting with Confederate President Wallace. Johnson might just as well spend his time receiving "a delegation from the Communist Party," the minister said.

The Street Front

IN HIS THIRD FLOOR OFFICE in the Brotherhood of Sleeping Car Porters' headquarters in Harlem, Bayard Rustin turned thumbs down on the idea of a second "March on Washington," in protest over Selma. "If I've learned anything," the organizer of the historic Washington march said, "I've learned that you don't repeat yourself." He said this with the particular poignancy of a man who had staged an enormously successful school boycott in New York City one year, then followed it with a complete flop the next.

The place for a Selma protest march, Rustin said, was Harlem. The Negro leaders in the room agreed and proceeded to plan a Sunday afternoon demonstration that brought 15,000 people out into the Harlem streets.

They picked wordings for signs: "We Demand Federal Registrars"; "We Demand Federal Marshals"; "Let Black Men March in Selma." (The word "Negro," Rustin said, can get you into trouble in Harlem; you've got to say black man.) Someone suggested a sign that said: "Back King in Selma." Rustin anticipated protests over that: "Now I *know* that some of you are going to point out that SNCC was in Selma long before King was, but we ought to realize the situation and realize the importance of keeping Martin's name up on top." Nobody said anything. The sign stayed.

Rustin's secretary came into the room. She reported, in icy tones, that President Johnson had sent yellow roses to the Birmingham hospital bedside of the dying Rev. Reeb. "Flowers instead of marshals, that's what they give us. That's really big of him," she said.

A Negro leader nodded. "It couldn't have been worse with Goldwater. At least, not much worse," he said.

Rustin himself, speaking on Sunday during the mass march in Harlem, expressed the impatience and criticism that was being directed toward the White House from similar rallies all over the country.

"Oh President Johnson, don't make us black folks any more angry, please," he said, in measured tones.

And across the nation, from Casper, Wyoming, the birthplace of the Reverend James Reeb, to Philadelphia's Independence Hall, the birthplace of the nation, vigils and protests, marches and mass meetings, were being held, day and night—an unprecedented national burst of empathy with the beleaguered Union forces in Selma. Demonstrators walked in fountains in San Francisco, fasted for 30 hours in Albuquerque and marched 50 miles in sub-freezing weather in Wisconsin.

In San Mateo, California, the 19-year-old son of a Jewish couple who had escaped the ovens of Germany during the Second World War, left a note for his parents explaining why he had to go to Selma:

"Dear Mom and Dad:

"Why must I go? I feel it necessary to explain—to you—to you who must bear the burden.

"If I were to dedicate my life to anything—it would be that *no* man would ever have to suffer these tortures of lesser ones. *No*, they aren't killing 6,000,000 in Selma—but if they kill six is it any less of an indictment? Is it more excusable?

"If Joe Brown is told he is inferior and his rights denied him, are we any less guilty for closing *our* eyes? I think not.

"I cannot allow the world to forget your parents—it is this I dedicate myself to. Let each man stand with his head high and then let us talk of a 'Great Society.'

"Why Selma? It is time the President moves. We've had enough stalls—enough evasion.

"The time has come for man to stand and be proud. *Now!* 1965. Not 1990!

"*Now!* Selma is the start of making 1965 that year. If it does not start successfully—it will fail. If we fail—then we will all bear the shame.

"Whatever I can do to help—I will. Make an attempt not to worry. Remember I am doing what I must do!

"*Please*, try to *understand*.

With all of my love
Your son—David Landsberg."

The "cattle p
—weapon of
modern Confeder

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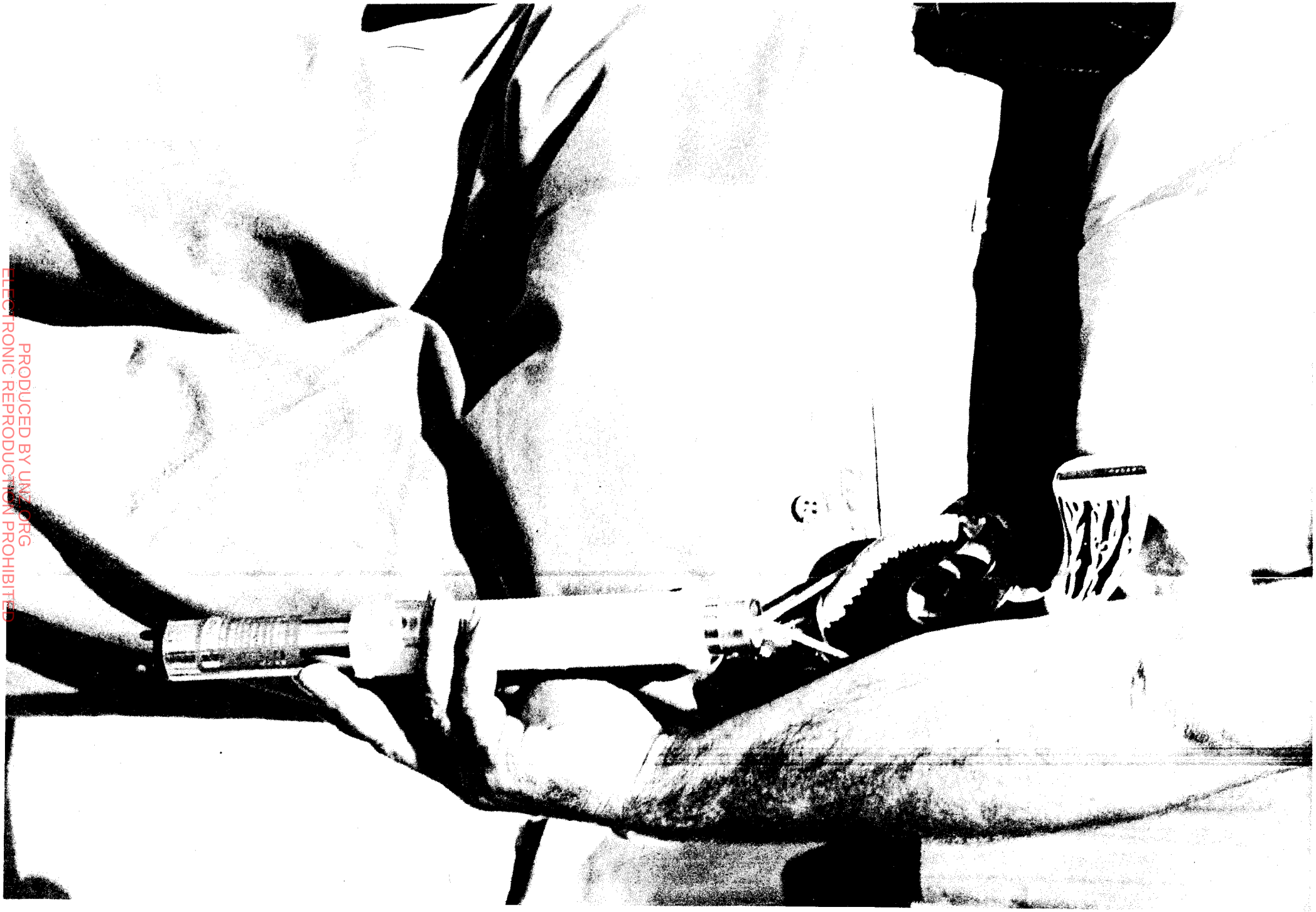

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The International Front

THE BATTERY OF WAR CORRESPONDENTS who sat in Selma's majestic Albert Hotel and dispatched millions of words about the South at War opened a front that the Confederates hadn't counted upon. Their reports angered the conscience of the nation—and of the world.

There was sympathy abroad for the Confederate cause during the Civil War one hundred years ago. But the war waged by the South in 1965—the war against the Negro—provoked different reactions, reactions that Washington took note of:

From Rome—"The plague of intolerance toward Negroes continues to be the central most difficult problem in democratic America, something which is a bad example . . . for other countries. Intolerance infects most sectors of white America and makes ex-colonial peoples mistrust Washington's policies, with the result that they turn to Communist powers whose oppressive methods are protected by silence. America will only be the moral as well as political leader of the free world when its 20 million Negro citizens have the same rights as whites . . . rights now being fought for in Selma, Alabama."

From Rio—Everyone agrees that the United States is giving itself a terrible reputation with underdeveloped countries.

Johnson is showing, by his recent statements concerning sit-ins at the White House, that he is more interested in the Negro vote than in the Negro problem.

Rio's daily "journal do Brasil," usually pro-American, was exasperated with the events in Selma. They published a front page picture of a Negro being beaten and dragged across a Selma street by the jacket. The newspaper commented: "It always ends the same way."

From Cambodia—Ramparts' correspondent Robert Scheer found an ironic reaction: This country is so worried and preoccupied with events in Vietnam, it has no time for expressions of concern over the war in Selma. United States forces in Alabama cannot divert her attention from the United States military adventure in Southeast Asia.

From London—First reaction in Britain towards the news of violence in Alabama was one of anger. This was expressed in a *Manchester Guardian* leader drawing attention to the supreme brutality of club and truncheon and asking whether the ability of the Negroes to refrain from violence can last much longer. The "Guardian" criticised America's use of "tools of the jungle" against peaceful marchers.

Union forces again march on Montgomery.

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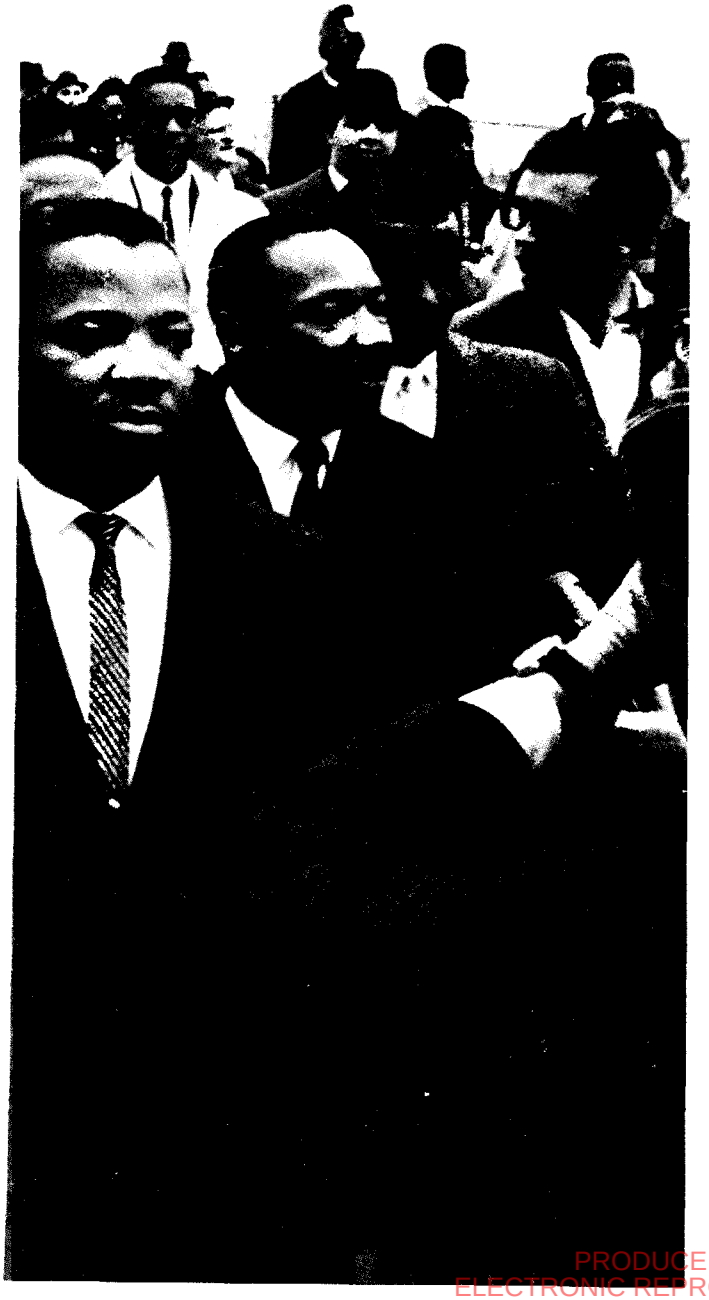
The Washington Front



ONE OF THE YOUNG SNCC WORKERS who saw the President on the Saturday following *Bloody Sunday* had the audacity to rebuke Johnson for worrying over the sleep that Luci and Lynda had lost during the unprecedented civil rights demonstrations at the White House.

"A lot of people in Selma didn't sleep last night, either," the SNCC worker said, "and your daughters can just stay awake until the troopers stop beating us up in Selma."

This shocked Lyndon Johnson. But it was just one in a series of shocks in a week when the President learned that he is going to have an extremely difficult time arriving at a government by consensus if some of the people contributing to that consensus are racists and white supremists.

Lyndon Johnson, the master manipulator, had made perhaps the greatest political miscalculation of his political life: he underestimated the speed and intensity of the nation's reaction to Selma.

People were horrified. They were grieved. They were angry. They sought a cartharsis. They looked to the White House—but they found nothing. No call for a day of contrition and mourning, no statement of outrage, no personal presence in Selma, no symbolic arrest of Sheriff Clark or Colonel Lingo. Nothing, but an announcement that there would be a new voting rights act as soon as the lawyers could finish drafting it. Wait calmly, please.

This cold reaction, mixed with the hot feelings about Selma, caused a storm over the capital. The White House had its first sit-ins. Pickets marched up and down Pennsylvania Avenue. The capital was in a ferment.

Slowly, cautiously, the "friendly foreign power" in Washington began to exercise the powers of its omnipresent Shadow Brigade. Alabama was, after all, within its sphere of influence.

At the Justice Department, where demonstrators were sitting-in in the hallways, Attorney General Katzenbach borrowed an enlarged map of Alabama from the Agriculture Department and spread it out on his red carpet. John Doar, who has the civil rights desk at the Justice Department, was in Selma and kept his boss posted on developments by two "hot" lines that fed into an office squawk box. Leroy Collins, a man the administration can trust to slow things down when it is desirable, was dispatched to Selma as Johnson's Ambassador to the Union forces. (The Civil Rights Commission, which conceivably could become spokesman for the Civil Rights Movement, as the Commerce Department is for business, is not trusted by the Administration.) Justice Department attorneys were dispatched to plead the Union case for the right to march the 50 miles to Montgomery, in federal court.

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The South at War

The Washington government responded, in a halfway fashion, to the impassioned request for troops. Johnson put some 700 soldiers on alert in the early morning shortly after the Rev. Reeb was fatally clubbed in Selma—but it was too late to save the minister. The troops were never sent. And Johnson, after a Summit Meeting with the petulant Confederate President George Wallace, nationalized the 1,863 Alabama National Guardsmen and sent them—along with 1,000 U.S. Army troops, 100 FBI men and 100 federal marshals (the marshals had four days notice, this time)—to guard the Great March to Montgomery, finally made by the Union forces.

This United States intervention followed a pattern of clumsy moves by the "friendly foreign power," which only served to aggravate conditions. On Tuesday, when Collins bargained with the Confederates for the standoff at the bridge, presumably to help Union President Martin Luther King, King ended up with a damaged reputation and split forces. On Wednesday, Collins worked late into the evening at Brown's Chapel parsonage and effected an agreement with Selma officials, which would have allowed Union forces to march to the Courthouse. But Mayor Smitherman balked—then tore up the script.

President Johnson, the great legislator, sees a law—his voting bill—as the answer to the pickets and the demonstrators who have been disturbing the domestic tranquillity of the 'Great Society.' The voting law is strong, and if enforced could be effective, but it is only offering the Negroes what they were tendered 100 years ago but never really received.

The lesson of the Battle of Selma is that laws alone, will not "get the Negroes out of the streets." In 1963 Negroes went into the streets over public accommodations and President Kennedy thought a public accommodations law would get them out. Instead, Negroes in Selma went back into the streets over voting rights. Now President Johnson thinks a voting rights law will get them out. But next the Negroes will go into the streets over jobs. And housing. And getting the schools *really* integrated.

That is the strategic lesson of the Battle of Selma. The Union forces don't want limited victories; they want unconditional surrender: they want *all* their rights.

Until the Federal Government understands this, and assumes the leadership to give Negroes their full rights of citizenship, there will be more Selmas.

THE SOUTH AT WAR: A RAMPARTS SPECIAL REPORT

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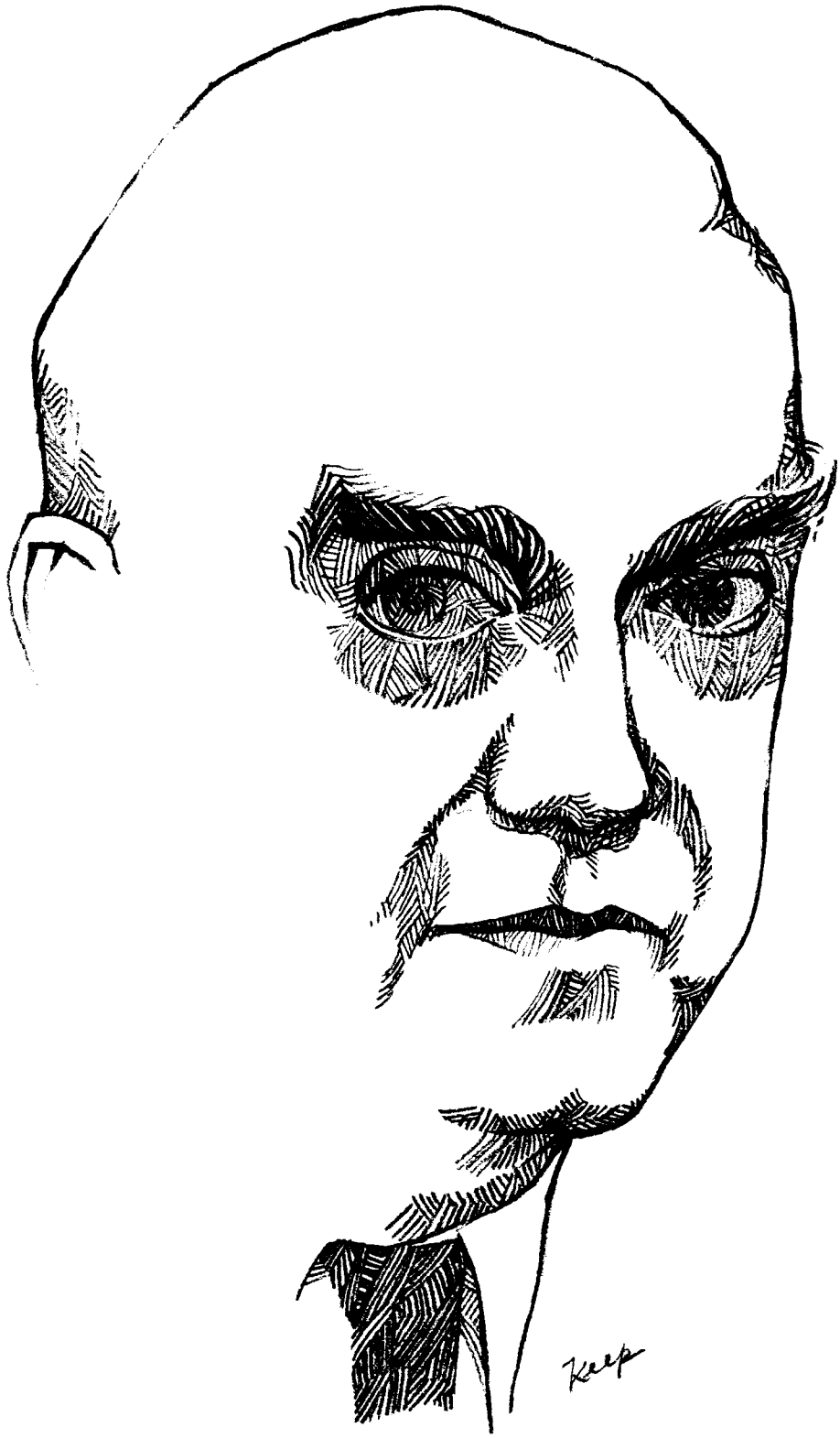
PORTRAIT



Graham Greene

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Graham Greene: The Man Within

by Martin Turnell

GRAHAM GREENE has divided his fiction into two groups: novels and "entertainments." His aim is evidently to draw a distinction between his serious work and the lighter fare: the adventure stories or "thrillers." A few of his critics have remarked on the resemblances between the works of the two groups, but they have not explored the implications. It is difficult not to feel doubts about the validity of the distinction. A writer may try his hand at different forms of writing, but the man behind them all is the same person. The genuine writer cannot cut himself in two, turning on or shutting off his deepest interests and preoccupations at will, or take time off from his study of the human condition in order to provide his audience with light reading.

When we look more closely at the two groups, we find in fact that there are a number of basic similarities, that the differences are much more a matter of angle or emphasis than either form or material. It has been said of Greene that he has adapted the technique of the adventure story to serious themes and produced something which has been described as "spiritual melodrama": a much more damaging formula than its inventor appears to have realised. The central figure in the best of the novels from *The Man Within* to *A Burnt-out Case*, and in the "entertainments" from *Stamboul Train* to *The Ministry of Fear*, is the hunted man: the man who is literally on the run like Andrews in *The Man Within*, the "whisky priest" in *The Power and the Glory* or Raven in *A Gun for Sale*, or characters like Scobie and Querry who are seeking escape from some inner weakness and the psychological situation it has created. The resemblances do not end there. Among the most distinctive features of Greene's characters are an unhappy childhood, a domineering father and an ambivalent attitude towards a minor public school.

The central character is a product of environment. Whatever the social level, whether it is genteel as in *England Made Me*, or proletarian as in *A Gun for Sale*, his weaknesses are the outcome of a decaying social system. The main characters in *England Made Me* have betrayed everything they once stood for and are reduced to a group of "exiles" and "outcasts" gyrating in a "wilderness of [their] own contriving."

It is perhaps the sense that he is depicting a society which has lost its nerve which accounts for another of Graham Greene's most pronounced characteristics. "It had been a massacre on the Elizabethan scale," we read of one of the closing scenes in *The Ministry of Fear*. The works of both groups are dominated by an atmosphere of violence and extremes: an atmosphere in which the misfit turns into the rebel and the fugitive; the misfit who is a danger to a disintegrating society, but is also in some way superior to it.

I have said that the writer behind all the books is the same person. It follows that they provide an expression, or better an outlet, for something in his personal make-up. This, as we shall see, explains the limitations of the novels and the intrusion into the "entertainments" of some of the themes of the novels. It also explains the highly accomplished craftsmanship which is common to both: the narrative gift, the slickness in the presentation of the story, the cinematic "cutting," the ingenious interweaving of the themes, and a journalistic flair for the vivid detail.

2.

IT WAS JUST BECAUSE the visible universe ". . . was determined for him at an early age," Greene wrote of Henry James, "that his family background is of such interest" *(The Lost Childhood)*.

There is no doubt that his own early years were at least as important for his later development as they were for James. He was born in 1904, educated at one of the lesser public schools where his father was headmaster, and at Oxford. He rebelled against the conditions of school life, ran away and was sent to a psychoanalyst

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for treatment. This is how he describes it in the terrifying essay called "The Revolver in the Corner Cupboard" in *The Lost Childhood:*

"*I emerged from those delightful months in London spent at my analyst's house – perhaps the happiest months of my life – correctly orientated, able to take a proper extrovert interest in my fellows (the jargon rises to the lips), but wrung dry.*"

The treatment did, indeed, have what are now known as "side effects." They were boredom and aridity. In earlier years there had been several semi-serious attempts at suicide: drinking hypo; eating deadly nightshade; swallowing large quantities of aspirin before a swim in the deserted school baths. Now, he says, "I had stumbled on the perfect cure" for boredom. "The perfect cure" was the game with the revolver which gives the essay its title. What he did was to load one chamber, spin the drum and then:

"*I put the muzzle of the revolver in my right ear and pulled the trigger. There was a minute click, and looking down on the chamber I could see that the charge had moved into place. I was out by one.*"

There are some revealing glimpses of school life and the early years in *The Lawless Roads* and *Journey Without Maps:*

"*. . . one was aware of fear and hate, a kind of lawlessness—appalling cruelties could be practiced without a second thought; one met for the first time characters, adult and adolescent, who bore about them the genuine quality of evil. There was Collifax, who practiced torments with dividers; Mr. Cranden with three grim chins, a dusty gown, a kind of demoniac sensuality; from these heights evil declined towards Parlow, whose desk was filled with minute photographs – advertisements for art photos. Hell lay about them in their infancy*" (The Lawless Roads).

It was this sense of evil, first experienced as a schoolboy, which led to faith. Faith came to him as something "associated with violence, cruelty, evil across the way." "One began to believe in heaven," he adds, "because one believed in hell."

Greene tells us that he has always suffered from nightmares. They play a considerable part in the novels. I shall suggest presently why one of them, described in *Journey Without Maps*, is of special significance:

"*It was only many years later that Evil came into my dreams: the man with gold teeth and rubber surgical gloves; the old woman with ringworm; the man with his throat cut dragging himself across the carpet to the bed.*"

When he left Balliol he took up journalism and worked for a time on a provincial newspaper at Nottingham where, in 1926, he became a Catholic:

"*There seemed to be a seediness about the place you couldn't get to the same extent elsewhere, and seediness has a very deep appeal: even the seediness of civilisation, the 'tarts' in Bond Street, the smell of cooking greens off Tottenham Court Road, the little tight-waisted Jews in the Strand. It seemed to satisfy, temporarily, the sense of nostalgia for something lost . . .*" (Journey Without Maps).

These fragments of autobiography throw considerable light on Greene's sources and on the conception of life that we find in his fiction: the rebel against convention and respectability who becomes the "hunted" schoolboy; an abnormal streak which drives the adolescent to gamble with his life as Scobie will gamble with his soul; the association of religion with violence and cruelty and evil. The taste for "seediness" produced the admirable account of Brighton in *Brighton Rock* and the provincial setting in *A Gun for Sale*, but here there is a reservation to be made. Although it is superficially impressive, the "seediness" belongs to the surface; it becomes a substitute for a genuinely searching criticism of society or, indeed, of "the fallen world" which has been called the essential setting of the novels.

There is something which is artistically more important than any of these traits. "If ever a man's imagination was clouded by the Pit, it was James's," Greene wrote in the essay from which I have already quoted. There is a striking contrast in the presentation of evil by the two novelists. In James it is felt to be the sign of a mature view of life; in Greene it is not. James's evil is a powerful, diabolical force which leaves no room for complacency. Greene's is something which belongs to childhood and adolescence: it is associated with the school bully, the sadistic or perverted schoolmaster, and a figure which might have come from a "horror comic" or an early horror film: "the man with gold teeth and rubber surgical gloves." The absence in the novels of any genuine apprehension of evil, or the presence of an evil which is symbolised, significantly, by the juvenile delinquent and the "spiv," explains our feeling that the novels somehow lack an adult approach to experience, that they deal with experience at an immature level. It may also explain the existence of the "entertainments."

3.

SOME OF THE PRINCIPAL characteristics of what was to become the Greene hero are apparent in Andrews, the protagonist of the first novel:

"*Andrews's character was built of superficial dreams, sentimentality, cowardice, and yet he was constantly made aware beneath all these of an uncomfortable questioning critic.*"

Andrews is the smuggler's son: the son of a violent, domineering father who has been blighted in childhood and who betrays the gang by turning king's evidence, but whose cowardice is also responsible for the death of the vastly superior woman he was to have married. The characteristics that he shares with a number of future Greene heroes are three: "superficial dreams," "senti-

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mentality," "cowardice." The "superficial dreams" are a sign of the immaturity of the Greene world. They turn the character into a misfit because the gap between illusion and reality prevents a proper appreciation of the issues at stake and of his own motives. "Sentimentality" and "cowardice" are inseparable: the deadly combination which in *The Heart of the Matter*, for example, will be responsible for every kind of betrayal in ascending order: friends, family, country, Church.

We should notice, too, the reference to the "uncomfortable questioning critic" which is taken up again in the closing pages and leads to the triumphant assertion: "*I am that critic, he said with a sense of discovery and exhilaration.*"

The words suggest a strength, an insight into his own motives, which are not in fact there. It is the illusion of strength on the part of the weak man which fosters his weaknesses and produces the moral confusion that is particularly characteristic of the protagonists of the "Catholic novels."

Whatever its shortcomings, there is one factor of great importance in Greene's first novel. It is the band or gang of smugglers. It is scarcely too much to say that in the later novels "groups," "parties," "gangs," "bands" and "rings" – particularly "spy rings" – become the hub round which the entire action revolves.

The presence in the novels of gangs, bands and rings is directly related to another characteristic. Writers on Greene have commented on the part played in his work by topical events. *The Name of Action*, his second novel, was the first of several books dealing, directly or indirectly, with dictatorship and revolution. *England Made Me* was suggested by an international financial swindle; *The Power and the Glory* by the religious persecution in Mexico; *The Ministry of Fear* by the Second World War; and other books like *Brighton Rock*, *Stamboul Train* and *The Confidential Agent* by the gangsterism, spying and political assassinations which have become the commonplaces of life in the twentieth century.

The topical setting has obvious practical advantages. The situation suggests the landscape and the figures, enabling the novelist to establish his characters with the minimum of trouble. For in each of his books he is provided with a group which is part of the setting, and almost ready-made: the smugglers in *The Man Within;* the financiers and expatriates in *England Made Me;* the travellers in *Stamboul Train;* the "spivs" and juvenile delinquents in *Brighton Rock;* police, peasants and expatriates in *The Power and the Glory;* civil servants, police and natives in *The Heart of the Matter;* the missionaries, lepers and more expatriates in *A Burnt-out Case*.

This explains the position of the protagonist. The novels deal with the protagonist's contacts with the group. He may be attached to the group, a prisoner of the group or a fugitive from it, but in every case the effect is twofold. It sets up a movement of opposition and contagion. When he is not actually a fugitive, the protagonist feels that he is a misfit, an outsider who does not really belong, but at the same time his contacts with it foster his weaknesses, provide the temptations which eventually bring him down.

The pattern is clearest in the Catholic novels. The Catholic – the wayward Catholic or the bad Catholic or the lapsed Catholic – is at the centre. He is surrounded by the minor characters who represent various shades of belief, unbelief or disbelief, as they represent various degrees of corruption. The Catholic novels have been compared to moralities. The comparison is illuminating, but we may suspect that in reproducing something of the simplification that we find in a morality the novelist was making a virtue of necessity. When we come to examine the Catholic novels more closely, we shall find that the complexity of the central characters has been considerably exaggerated, that the surface bustle, the fast moving action, which are common to the novels and the "entertainments," give the impression of a complexity which is not really there. The minor characters are essentially stock figures, stereotypes who in slightly different guises turn up in different books: the man from the minor public school trying in vain to live it down in *England Made Me* and *The Heart of the Matter;* the Fellows in *The Power and the Glory* who, though not Catholics, are a preliminary sketch for the Scobies; the "churchy" mother, always reading from saints' lives, in *The Power and the Glory* and Rycker, the miserable *rat de bénitier*, in *A Burnt-out Case* with his "babydoll" wife; the racketeer in *Brighton Rock* and still more Ida Arnold who is pure caricature: the product of a secularised lower-middle class society who believes only in the antics of the planchette, good naturedly opens her legs to all-comers, but "knows the difference between right and wrong."

4.

IT IS INTERESTING to watch the growth of the religious element in the novels. It appears for the first time in the person of a minor character in *England Made Me*. Minty is the public school boy, the failure, the remittance man eking out a living as a small-time journalist in Sweden. He is honest, decent, chaste, the victim, as surely as Anthony Farrant in the same novel, of environment: a product of the decay of the genteel tradition. Catholicism is represented in the next book, *Brighton Rock*, by the protagonists: the delinquent youth and the waitress who marry in a register office and have just enough conscience to know that they have done wrong. What needs emphasis is that from the time of its appearance in the novels, religion is not something which imposes itself on society or on a group: it is essentially a product of modern conditions

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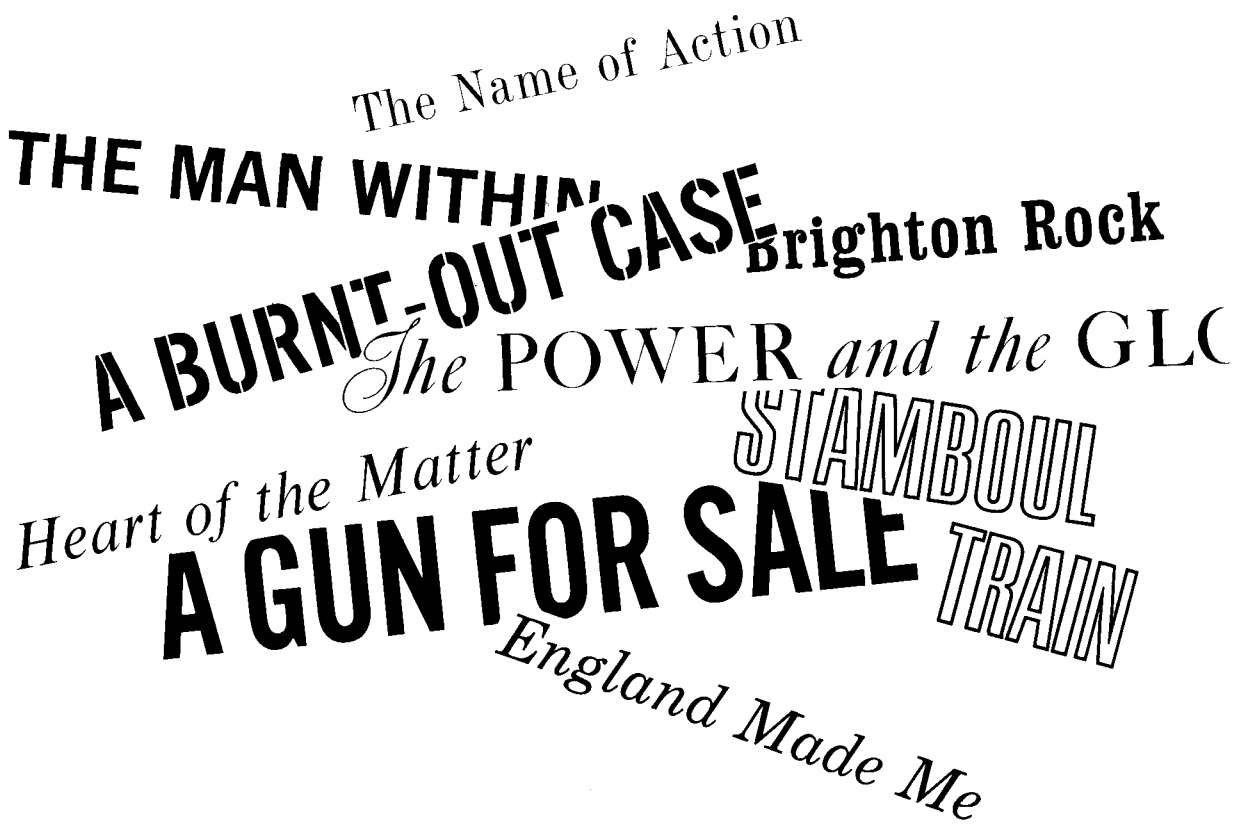

and is determined by them. It points the way to the sort of Catholicism that we shall find in *The Power and the Glory*, *The Heart of the Matter* and *A Burnt-out Case*.

What Catholicism represents first and foremost in those novels is a highly emotional charge; an atmosphere in which theological problems, or rather moral-theological problems, are bandied about; in which religious standards are constantly evoked only to show how very far short of them the behaviour of the protagonists falls. The world of Graham Greene is not the world of hum-drum, conventional religion: it is the world of a highly idiosyncratic religion which is continually distorted by the author's personal point of view. He purports in the main religious novels to take us behind the scenes, to discover special virtues in people whose conduct is invariably at odds with their profession. In this way he contrives to suggest that it is somehow the idiosyncratic, the personal, the morally unorthodox which is pleasing to God. The Catholicism that he portrays is the result of compromise with "the fallen world"; it is the fallen world which imposes its shape and colour on religion, but the fact that religion is religion gives the novels their supercharged atmosphere.

What I want to suggest is that the lurid atmosphere in which the whisky priests, the Scobies, the Querrys move and have their being has had the effect of misleading Greene's critics, diverting them from their proper task, which is the scrutiny of the writer's text, and encouraging them instead to discuss general theological problems: to speculate on the ways of God to man. In a recent issue of Ramparts, for example, we find the reviewer of *A Burnt-out Case* speculating about the protagonist's chances of salvation as earlier writers on Greene had speculated about Scobie's: almost equally divided into those who thought him damned and those who almost saw him as a new kind of saint.

"*A critical method*," writes the reviewer in Ramparts, "*which limits itself to examination of style, psychology, character, naturalism and the like will overlook the most central aspect of Greene's work: man as a metaphysical being*."

This is the reverse of the thesis that I am going to defend here. What I shall argue is that there is something badly wrong with the quality of the religion in Greene's novels and that this is reflected in his use of language. That a critic should be able to brush aside "style, psychology, character, naturalism and the like" at this stage is striking evidence of the way in which Greene has got away with it, has succeeded by the peculiar atmosphere which his fiction generates in putting his critics off the scent, leading them away from the place where their enquiry should start: his prose style.

The critic whom I have just quoted praises *A Burnt-out Case* because in it he finds "none of the flashy sentences and trite figures of speech which abound in his

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earlier works." This praise, as we shall see later, is not undeserved: the fault lies in treating "the flashy sentences and trite figures of speech" as though they were no more than blemishes in novels dealing importantly with "man as a metaphysical being," in the assumption that the great theme is somehow independent of the language in which it is expressed, that it transcends mere words. The only answer we can make is that if great themes are treated in a language which is "flashy" or "trite," we shall almost certainly discover that there is something seriously wrong with the treatment.

In Greene's first novel we find this sentence:

"The blackberry twigs plucked at him and tried to hold him with small endearments, twisted small thorns into his clothes with a restraint like a caress, *as though they were the fingers of a harlot in a crowded bar*."

The italics in the quotation are mine. I think that the Ramparts critic would probably describe the words as "flashy": to me they are something more and something different. This is a typical Greene image of a kind which recurs in nearly all the later novels. It is of the essence of these images that they call attention to themselves. They seem to do so by trying to establish what Aristotle, in his definition of metaphor, called the discovery of similarity in dissimilars. The comparison between the thorns catching the fugitive's clothing and the harlot fingering his flies in a bar is plainly too far-fetched to be a success. But it does show already Greene's tendency to operate by over-statement, to add a dash of sensationalism to the commonplace, to heighten ordinary experience. What is also characteristic is the way in which the author draws on the sexual connection for this type of image. These are other samples:

"*The school and he were joined by a painful reluctant coition, a passionless coition that leaves everything to regret, nothing to love, everything to hate, but cannot destroy the idea: we are one body*" (England Made Me).

"*He saw a girl in a dirty shift spread out on the packing-cases like a fish on a counter*" (The Heart of the Matter).

"*The dangerous desire to confide grew in Father Thomas's mind like the pressure of an orgasm*" (A Burnt-out Case).

The recurrence of the sexual image in book after book, in the least appropriate contexts, suggests that there is something obsessive about the novelist's preoccupation with sexuality. The image of the girl in the dirty shift "spread out on the packing cases like a fish on a counter" reinforces the impression created by the first example: that sex is somehow furtive, dirty, degrading. It is a curious fact that though Greene's novels abound in incidents of fornication and adultery, I cannot remember a single instance of a really satisfactory connection even in the "entertainments." It is either an act dripping with guilt or a quick wiggle which is over in a matter of seconds:

"*She only regretted the promptitude of the embrace . . . He was with her, he was in her, he was away from her, brushing his hair, whistling a tune*" (It's a Battlefield).

The obsessiveness becomes much more pronounced in the "Catholic novels." These samples come from *Brighton Rock:*

"*He lay still thinking: 'What a dream!' and then heard the stealthy movement of his parents in the other bed. It was Saturday night. His father panted like a man at the end of a race and his mother made a horrifying sound of pleasurable pain.*"

"*You could know everything there was in the world and yet if you were ignorant of that one dirty scramble you knew nothing.*"

"*Phil opened an eye — yellow with sexual effort — and watched her apprehensively.*"

In still another passage Pinkie broods over

"*the frightening weekly exercise of his parents which he watched from his single bed.*"

Graham Greene once reproached the present writer for saying of the last two quotations that they showed an abnormal attitude towards human nature. He is well known to be a warm admirer of the late Percy Lubbock's *The Craft of Fiction* with its emphasis on the novelist's "point of view." He argued that in *Brighton Rock* you have to allow for the writer's "point of view," that the emphasis on the "single" bed and the odd use of the adjective "yellow" could not be interpreted as a reflection of his own attitude because in this book he was depicting an abnormal character. I cannot help thinking that he tries to use the "point of view" as an alibi. It is true that Pinkie is in some respects abnormal, but it does not seem to me that you can detach a novelist as easily as this from his creatures, that the characters through which he chooses to represent the world must be a reflection of his own preoccupations, or, more accurately, a projection of his own obsessions. I can only subscribe to the observation by the authors of a laudatory study of Greene who speak of "the fear of the body evident from the beginning in Greene's fiction and strongest in *Brighton Rock*" (K. Allott & M. Farris: *The Art of Graham Greene*, pp. 236-7).

5.

THE POWER AND THE GLORY is the most popular of Greene's novels. The reasons are plain. The theme of the persecution of religion by the police state is more than topical: it is one of the greatest dilemmas of our time and marks the merging of the topical into the universal. There is a blend, too, of what seems best in the novels and the "entertainments." The "hunted man" appears to be a valid symbol of the problems of the age. The distinction between the priest's function

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and the human failings of the holder provides the novelist with a perfect opportunity of demonstrating his thesis on the difference between conventional Catholicism and the behind-the-scenes Catholicism. It is because the formal division between the priest and the man corresponds to a division in the author's own personality that it is a curiously suitable vehicle for his talents, for the diffusion of that highly charged atmosphere which is regarded as pre-eminently Greene's.

The contrast between the office and its holder is glaring. The priest chose the priesthood, on his own showing, out of vanity. He was the son of humble parents who wanted to "get on" and a vocation for the priesthood was the obvious way. When the persecution breaks out he becomes a drinker, a "whisky priest." Without any genuine love or passion he seduces an Indian woman when visiting her village to administer the sacraments, and there is a child. Yet he is superior to Padre José, the priest who conformed to the state decrees, abandoned his calling and married. And because he is so, the "whisky priest" becomes a martyr. The title underlines, and seems intended to underline, the novelist's thesis. Those who appear holy in the eyes of the world are something far different in God's eyes: it is the sinner—almost the public sinner—the man riddled with every human weakness except one who is the real saint.

Technically, the novel is a considerable advance on any of its predecessors and its range is a good deal wider. There is a systematic attempt to present the different kinds and degrees of belief and unbelief, to show how they harmonise or conflict, reinforce or qualify one another. The unshakable belief of the priest is matched with the unshakable disbelief of the Communist lieutenant, or what he takes for unshakable disbelief. "He was a mystic, too," we are told, "and what he had experienced was vacancy—a complete certainty in the existence of a dying, cooling world, of human beings who had evolved from animals for no purpose at all." Yet he remains somehow unsure of himself, mysteriously attracted to the priest whom he is to execute. There is a similar contrast in the people behind them: the childlike faith of the frightened downtrodden Indians and the hopeless resignation of the urban crowds who have been "cured of superstition" and have nothing better to do than mill aimlessly round until the curfew sends them slinking home. There are other individual contrasts: the priest and the cowardly Padre José who even refuses the unbelieving lieutenant's invitation to shrive the "whisky priest" before he is shot; the unreal piety of the "churchy" women; the Lutherans who "don't hold with the Mass"; the believing half-caste who plays the role of Judas and the unbelieving bandit who tries to save the priest; Mr. Tench and the Fellows, expatriates who have no religion and whose world has crumbled.

The role of children in the novel is particularly striking: the priest's illegitimate daughter who is already corrupted by the world and spiritually doomed; the unbelieving daughter of the Fellows who was moving towards the priest or the faith he stands for when she met with a violent end. Most curious of all is chorus of native children, unimpressed by the communist militia and mocking Padre José when his wife calls him, impatiently, to bed.

The contrasts are driven home by the multiplication of "the points of view." Most of the action is seen through the eyes of the "whisky priest," but we also have the points of view of the lieutenant, Padre José, Mr. Tench, the Fellows. What this adds up to is a firm, clear structure, the appearance of strength and solidity, the suggestion of depth.

If we applied the customary standards, if we gave the highest marks to the novelist who treats man as a "metaphysical being," we should evidently have to award very high marks to *The Power and the Glory*. But, as soon as we look more closely at the text doubts arise; we have the impression that there is a gap between the ambitious superstructure and the materials out of which it is built—the language. The flashy or sensational images which had made sporadic appearances in the earlier novels come streaming from the novelist's pen:

"*The man's dark suit and sloping shoulders reminded [Mr. Tench] uncomfortably of a coffin, and death was in his carious mouth already.*"

"*He followed her meekly, tripping in the long peon's trousers, with the happiness wiped off his face like the survivor of a wreck.*"

"*A few men moved in the hammocks—a large unshaven jaw hung over the side like something left unsold on a butcher's counter . . .*"

The comparison between the priest's sloping shoulders and a coffin points, crudely, to his end. There is exaggeration in the comparison between the vanished happiness and a "survivor of a wreck." We get a shock when an unshaven jaw is compared to "something left unsold on a butcher's counter." The image is applied to one of the Communist policemen and expresses, melodramatically, not merely disapproval of the scruffy Communists, but what I have called the author's decidedly sour attitude towards the human race.

I want to turn now to a longer passage which purports to describe the priest's unspoken thoughts on his way back to the village where he had seduced the peasant woman:

"*In any case, even if he could have gone south and avoided the village, it was only one more surrender: the years behind him were littered with similar surrenders—feast days and fast days and days of abstinence had been the first to go: then he had ceased to trouble more than occasionally about his breviary—and finally*

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he had left it behind altogether at the port in one of his periodic attempts to escape. Then the altar stone went—too dangerous to carry with him. He had no business to say Mass without it: he was probably liable to suspension, but penalties of the ecclesiastical kind began to seem unreal in a state where the only penalty was the civil one of death. The routine of his life like a dam was cracked and forgetfulness came dribbling in, wiping out this and that. Five years ago he had given way to despair—the unforgiveable sin—and he was going back now to the scene of his despair with a curious lightening of the heart. For he had got over his despair too. He was a bad priest, he knew it: they had a name for his kind—whisky priest, but every failure dropped out of sight and mind: somewhere they accumulated in secret—the rubble of his failures. One day they would choke up, he supposed, altogether the source of grace. Until then he carried on with spells of fear, weariness, with a shamefaced lightness of heart."

The first thing we notice is the catalogue of failures, or supposed failures; then the string of images suggesting disintegration and collapse: the "cracked dam," the forgetfulness "dribbling in," the "rubble of his failures," "choke up the source of grace." One is struck by the sense of satisfaction, the complacency with which the failures are paraded though in fact no priest on the run could possibly be expected to observe what are in the main matters of mere ecclesiastical discipline. This makes us suspicious. Are we really listening, we wonder, to the story of a hunted priest, a man who is subject to human weakness like the rest of us, but who nevertheless behaves heroically when he has to choose between apostasy and death? Or is there something specious about it all? Are we having a covert emotional appeal made to us by the use of a religious theme and setting? Are we simply listening to what is at bottom a somewhat melodramatic tale about a man hunt? I think we are. My suspicions are confirmed by the language: the facile, emotion-laden images and the adjectives: "*cracked* dam"; "*rubble* of his failures"; the juggling with the words "despair," "the unforgiveable sin," "surrender." I think that there is something more besides. I think that under the pretext of using the "point of view" a highly personal, a decidedly unbalanced view of life is being projected into a situation and a character with which it has very little to do.

Let us look at some more samples of the priest's unspoken thoughts:

"*But at the centre of his own faith there always stood the convincing mystery—that we are made in God's image—God was the parent, but he was also the policeman, the criminal, the priest, the maniac and the judge. Something resembling God's image dangled from the gibbet or went into odd attitudes before the bullets in a prison yard or contorted itself like a camel in the attitude of sex. He would sit in the confessional and hear the complicated dirty ingenuities which God's image had thought out: and God's image shook now, up and down on the mule's back, with the yellow teeth sticking out over the lower lip, and God's image did its despairing act of rebellion with Maria in the hut among the rats.*"

This time there can be no doubt. These are the novelist's reflexions on life which are being put into the priest's mind. The novelist takes a very poor view of human nature. The passage begins with a formal reference to "the mystery at the centre of his faith . . . that we are made in God's image." But at once there is a sudden switch and a sudden descent: God's image is identified with an oddly assorted collection of individuals: the policeman at the top of the list, the judge at the bottom, the priest sandwiched in between the criminal and the maniac. The "gibbet" seems to contain an allusion to the Crucifixion and the criminal being hanged; the "bullets" to martyred priests being shot. There is a violent contrast between them and the next presentation of God's image: "contorted like a camel in the attitude of sex." The way in which the dying movements of what we assume to be a martyr merge into the writhings of the fornicator illustrate very well what I said earlier of Greene's method of using the conjunction of religion and sex to heighten the emotional appeal of his work. For the sensational element lies in the reference to the Crucifixion and the triumphal ride into Jerusalem which are brought into close proximity with illicit sexual intercourse:

"Something resembling God dangled from the gibbet . . . or contorted itself like a camel in the attitude of sex."

"God's image shook now, up and down on the mule's back . . . and God's image did its despairing acts of rebellion with Maria in the hut among the rats."

There is a curious gloating over the disreputable behaviour of human nature which is apparent in the repeated, sneering references to "God's image": God's image doing this or that, but whatever it is, it is nearly always discreditable: "the complicated dirty ingenuities which God's image had thought out" where there is a deliberate appeal to the salacious, an attempt to elicit the response: "Wonder what they were?"

We must observe the tone in both passages: the whining, self-pitying tone, the rhythmless prose, the careless writing: "contorted itself . . . in the attitude of sex."

When the priest, seen from a distance by the dentist, finally crumples up before the firing squad, we are not filled with admiration for the simple man who in spite of everything died an heroic, a martyr's death. We feel that an enormous effort has been made to show that, in human terms at any rate, martyrdom is a thoroughly squalid affair; that the real saint, far from being like the one in the book the "churchy" woman reads to her children, is the man who departs as far as possible from the teaching of the Church, who is faithful in one thing

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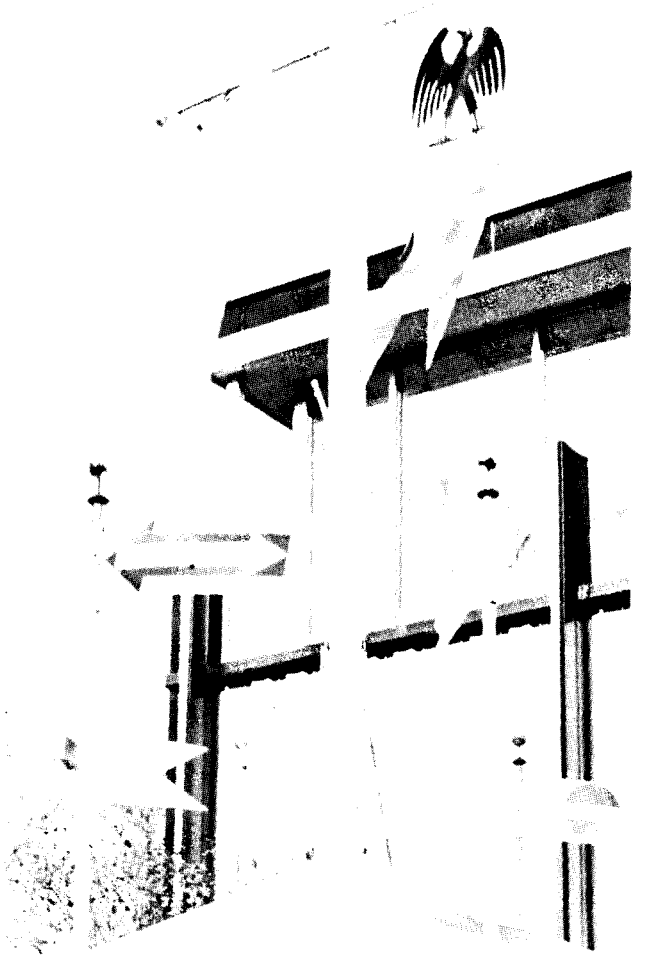

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only. He may have gone with Maria among the rats, but at least he didn't behave like Padre José.

6.

THE HEART OF THE MATTER is a companion piece to *The Power and the Glory*, but we shall see that in one respect at least it is notably inferior to the earlier novel. It deals like *The Power and the Glory* with an immature world, a world whose inhabitants are morally, mentally and emotionally undeveloped. They are arranged broadly in three tiers: police, administrators and natives who correspond to the police, expatriate traders and natives in *The Power and the Glory*. Children play an important part, but in this novel they underline and prolong the immaturity of the adult world instead of providing a criticism of it as to some extent they do in *The Power and the Glory*. What is more obvious in *The Heart of the Matter* than in almost any of the other novels is that Greene's world is a world of mediocrities. His protagonists are examples of what has been called in another context "the unheroic hero." They are never distinguished by their moral or intellectual qualities: the hallmark of the Greene hero is grievous moral weakness. The only two saints in his work appear to achieve sanctity by accident. The clergy are remarkable only for their inadequacy which seems a reflection of the moral weakness of the laity. Their futility or their silence hastens the disaster; they arrive on the scene with empty words of comfort when it is too late and the protagonist is dead.

There is the same sharp contrast in *The Heart of the Matter* as in *The Power and the Glory* between the public and the private image, the office and its holder. The policeman's uniform confers an outward authority which is strangely at variance with the lack of inner authority of the individual. It also has the effect of concealing personal weakness from public view. The same is true of the civilian administrators whose position as state employees sometimes hides criminal tendencies. One is given premature retirement, another is transferred, for putting his hand into the till. A third commits suicide as the only escape from an intolerable situation.

Scobie, working as a police officer in an appalling backwater, has earned a reputation for integrity. He is known as "the Just": a local Aristides in the British bureaucracy who is respected alike by colleagues, friends and the native population. The novel is largely devoted to an exposure of the man, to showing how undeserved the flattering title is. It is true that he is not scruffy or disreputable or given to the bottle or to other men's beds. The source of his downfall is precisely what is esteemed a virtue by the secular world: his humanity, his feeling for his fellow human beings, in a word—a very terrible word in this novel—his "pity." It is a terrible word because virtue is turned inside out, because what is ordinarily a virtue becomes a fatal weakness. We are reminded here of the essential mediocrity of Greene's characters and of the "uncomfortable questioning critic" of his first novel. It is a sign of Scobie's immaturity and of his singular lack of insight into his own motives that he is taken in by his private cant about "pity":

"*He had no sense of responsibility towards the beautiful and the graceful and the intelligent. They could find their own way. It was the face for which nobody would go out of his way, the face that would soon be used to rebuffs and indifference that demanded his allegiance. The word 'pity' is used as loosely as the word 'love': the terrible promiscuous passion which so few experienced.*"

The word occurs again in an account of Scobie watching his poor, silly, snobbish wife sleeping:

"*He watched her through the muslin net. Her face had the yellow ivory tinge of atabrine: her hair which had once been the colour of bottled honey was dark and stringy with sweat. These were the times of ugliness when he loved her, when pity reached the intensity of a passion. It was pity that told him to go: he wouldn't have woken his worst enemy from sleep—leave alone Louise.*"

No one would describe these passages as distinguished prose, but their purpose is clear. Scobie's special pleading is really aimed at the reader. The comparison between the fortunate and the unfortunate, the use of a phrase like "terrible promiscuous passion," the pathetic account of Louise's ugliness, are intended to make us swallow the author's thesis about "pity." The faults in the writing are still more evident in another passage in which Scobie reflects on his responsibilities towards his wife:

"*He had always been prepared to accept the responsibility for his actions, and he had always been half aware too, from the time he made his terrible private vow, how far* this *action might carry him. Despair is the price one pays for setting oneself an impossible aim. It is, one is told, the unforgiveable sin, but it is the sin the corrupt or evil man never practises. He always has hope. He never reaches the freezing point of knowing absolute failure. Only the man of good will always carries in his heart the capacity for damnation.*"

There is a similarity between the tone and content of this passage and the passages I quoted from *The Power and the Glory:* the same sad, whining tone; the same absence of vitality. It is filled, too, with special pleading and the same bad arguments. The wicked man has a better chance of salvation than the man of good will who, we are told in a characteristically emotive phrase, has taken a "terrible private vow," which after all is nothing more than to make an unprepossessing wife happy.

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If *The Power and the Glory* is one of the most popular of Greene's novels it is bacause there is at least a show of motive for the whisky priest's actions when he finds himself isolated and on the run in a hostile country. Scobie's "pity" is far less convincing. He is a very ordinary individual with the traditional public school virtues—decency, uprightness, kindness, integrity—who finds himself married to an undistinguished wife. He also has the characteristic public school vice: the sentimentality which underlies the heartiness and the supposed manliness that are sedulously inculcated by the schools. In the overheated atmosphere of a Greene novel the sentimentality produces disproportionate results. For Scobie's sentimental pity for the underdog completely undermines his character, revealing the extreme brittleness of his virtues. He is guilty of one betrayal after another: his duty as a police officer, his loyalty to a faithful servant, his marriage vows, and finally his vows to the Church. A blubbering Portuguese captain is more than enough to make him betray his trust to his country and to do so without any serious struggle or apparently without any realisation of the enormity of the offence. He is a believing Catholic, but simply in order to avoid paining his wife or arousing suspicion about his liaison with another woman he makes a sacrilegious communion which could have been avoided without the slightest difficulty. Finally, he commits suicide on the pretext that it is the only way to avoid making two women unhappy, but in reality because he cannot face the situation created by his weakness—it would be too much for his famous "pity."

I have suggested that in one particular respect *The Heart of the Matter* compares unfavourably with *The Power and the Glory*. The superiority of *The Power and the Glory* lies in the fact that the priest's simple faith does provide a point of reference, a positive standard which enables us to see the actions of the other characters in some sort of perspective. It is precisely this that is lacking in *The Heart of the Matter*. I have tried to show that Scobie's "pity" is a sentimental illusion. What is more serious is that the illusion is bolstered up by a sinister element of casuistry. It is suggested in one place that the Crucifixion was a form of suicide. This decidedly unorthodox suggestion becomes the excuse for Scobie's suicide which by implication is compared favourably with the suicide of the civil servant, the commonplace agnostic suicide of a young man who could not face material difficulties which were more real than Scobie's sentimental difficulties. We hear much in the novel of corruption and decay, but the casuistical sleights of hand seem to me to point to something corrupt in the novel itself. For what we find in it is not so much an absence of moral perspective as a deliberate destruction of perspective in the interests of melodrama.

The truth is that the sensational events like the sacrilegious communion and the suicide have no real motivation. The author set out to write a "theological thriller" about a Catholic gambling with his soul which leaves us in doubt (as it was bound to) about the result of Scobie's "last throw." The protagonist is "rigged." What clearly happened is that situation preceded character as it would in an adventure story. The result is that we have an incredible character used as an inadequate illustration of an impossible thesis.

7.

When we look at Greene's "Catholic novels," we see that each of them sets out to define a certain attitude towards belief. In his two most famous works it is the point of view of the weak man inside the Faith: in the two later novels it is the point of view of the unbeliever and the man who has lost his faith. I think we must add that the criticism of religion in them is more drastic than anything in the works which preceded them.

The End of the Affair is not a good novel and I only intend to deal very briefly with it. On the first page we read:

"*I hated Henry—I hated his wife Sarah too . . . So this is a record of hate far more than of love.*"

These are the terms in which Bendrix, the novelist-narrator, speaks of his dead mistress and the man whose wife he stole. The book creates the impression of being the projection of painful personal equations into imaginary characters. We should not be deceived by the miracles. It is indeed a story of hate—the word reverberates all through the book—the story of the most destuctive emotion known to erring human nature. The author's intentions—his unconscious intentions—appear to be summed up by the cremation of the saint at the end: the symbolical destruction of a loved-and-hated religion.

A Burnt-out Case was coolly received by some of Mr. Greene's admirers on the grounds that it lacks the "spontaneity" of its predecessors. It is the absence of the so-called "spontaneity" which commends it to me. If it is the best of the novels, it is because there appears to be a serious attempt to examine a situation without generating the supercharged atmosphere of *The Power and the Glory* and *The Heart of the Matter*. The theme is similar to that of the two earlier novels, but is stated much more explicitly in the dedicatory letter:

"*This is not a* roman a clef, *but an attempt to give dramatic expression to various types of belief, half-belief and non-belief, in the kind of setting, removed from world-politics and household preoccupations, where such differences are felt acutely and find expression.*"

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There are the missionary priests at the leproserie who are too busy with works of corporal mercy to have time to worry over the subtleties of moral theology – the only one who does come near to losing his faith – or whether their strange guest goes to mass or not; the unbelieving doctor; Rycker, the spoiled priest; the natives all mixed up over God and the tribal god, Nzambi; and the stranger. A clue is provided by the blurb:

"*A leper who is cured has sometimes gone first through the stage of multilation – he is known as a 'burnt-out case'.*"

There is clearly an intellectual thesis here: that there is a parallel between the physical states through which some lepers pass and the mental states of some men. The missionaries think, in so far as they leave themselves time to think of him, that Querry is a believer who is going through a period of aridity. He puts it differently and with an amusing salaciousness which is characteristic of his creator:

"*I'm no genius, Rycker. I am a man who had a certain talent, not a very great talent, and I have come to the end of it. There was nothing new I could do. I could only repeat myself. So I gave up. It's as simple as that. Just as I have given up women. After all there are only thirty-two ways of driving a nail into a hole.*"

It is one of the virtues of the book that the situation, or the state of the protagonist, is a simple one: we are spared the dubious moral conflicts as well as the melodrama of the other novels. Interest is maintained – the adventure story again – by the fact that we do not know the answer. The priests and the "churchy" Rycker interpret Querry's state of mind in one way; he himself does so in quite another. There is the "big moment" when he is suspected, quite wrongly, of adultery with the babydoll Mme Rycker and shot dead by her husband in a drunken fury. And we are left wondering whether he was in fact on the verge of conversion: we are not left in any doubt about his superiority over all the other representatives of the different types of belief and half-belief excepting only the unbelieving Dr. Colin.

The originality of the novel lies in the creation of a new concept. For the "burnt-out case" ranks with the "hunted man" and the "outsider" of the other novels and of other novelists. It is in Greene's work as much an author-projection as they and its implications are disturbing.

8.

GRAHAM GREENE has spoken firmly about the novelist's duty of not trying to write works of edification which is a betrayal of his talent. He has also said, with the same firmness, that he is a Catholic who writes novels and not a Catholic novelist. The same thing, we know, has been said by other Catholics like Mauriac and Cayrol. One suspects that it is a distinction without difference. For whether we speak of a Catholic who writes novels or a Catholic novelist, we have the right to assume that his work will be informed by an objectively valid scheme of values which will enable him to see experience in perspective. The lack of any such scheme in the contemporary novel explains one of its principal weaknesses. Men are thrown back on personal relationships, personal feelings, personal standards of integrity, only to find that they are constantly letting one down. Feelings do, indeed, become used up, worn out, as surely as in Greene's "burnt-out case," and there is nothing left.

What must be said of the Catholic who writes novels is that we expect something different, but that we only get it to a limited degree. Faith is usually invoked in order to demonstrate its inadequacy in the critical situations of life and most of the characters end up in a moral mess which is not very different from the emotional messes of the characters in the secular novel. Comparison between contemporary religious writing and the writing of the past are inevitable. In the past religion imposed the pattern: the individual expressed himself within a well-defined framework. Today religion no longer creates the pattern or shapes the man; it is to a very large extent shaped by man's emotions. Instead of the pattern being formed by the impersonal, the enduring, the normal, it is formed by the personal, the fortuitous, the abnormal, until in the end religion itself becomes a single factor in a private world of hatred, lust and guilt.

So it is with Greene. The novels are essentially a projection of something personal in his make-up. The personal factor is not controlled, set in its proper perspective by any system of impersonal values, or rather the impersonal is swamped by the personal. The religion which gives the books their undeniable power is an idiosyncratic religion and a direct product of the state of society in which the novelist is living: not the dominating factor, but the single factor in the private world of hatred, lust and guilt.

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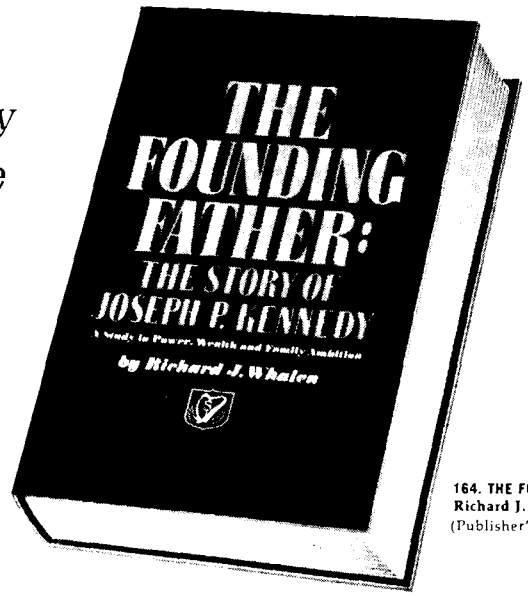

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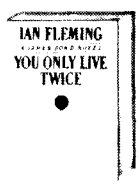

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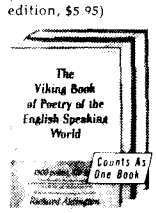

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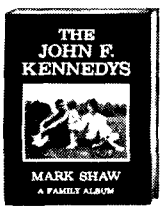

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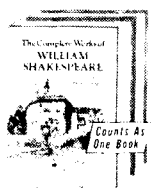

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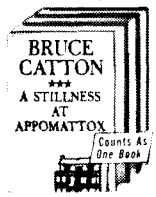

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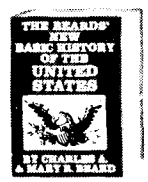

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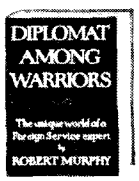

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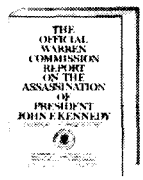

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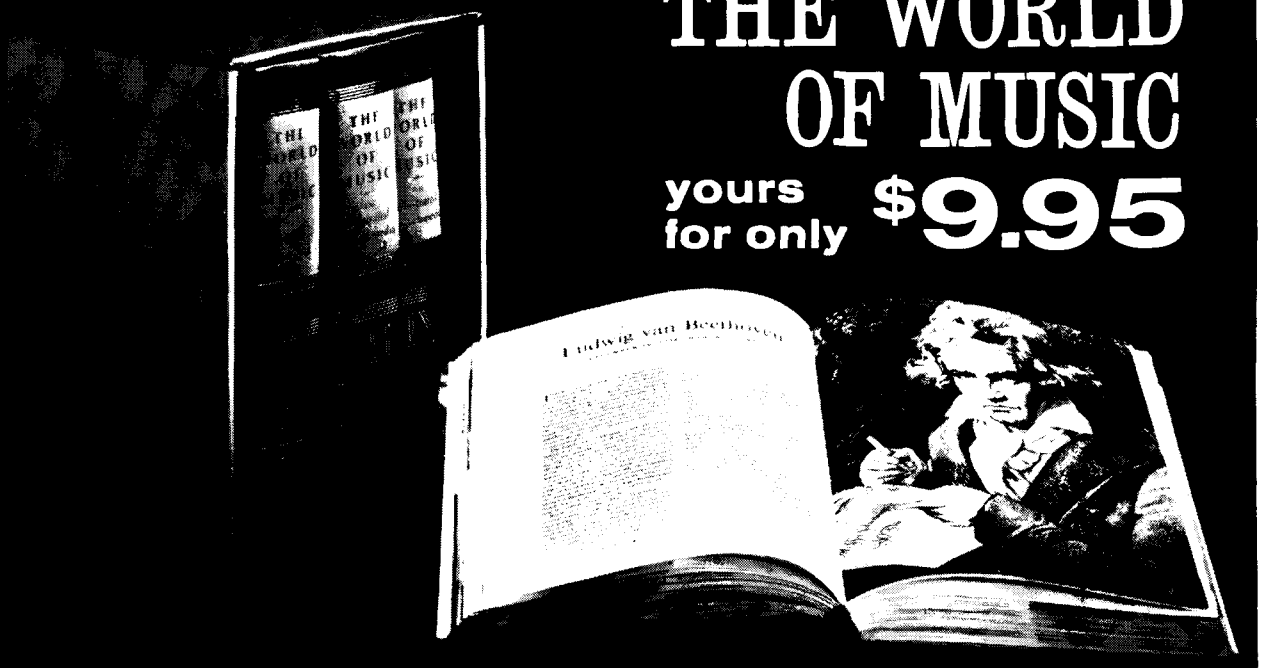

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